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LOW TIDE.

BY ALICE CARY.

My sea of favor has gone down—
  The sands of life lie black and bare,
So bring to me my pale green gown,
  Spotted with strawberries: my hair
Do up with pins of amber—there! I
My crimson kerchief now, and shawl
Bordered with daisies over all.

I once could trust to Fortune's grace
  To mend me with her sweet repairs
But now no blank and wrinkled face
  That out of low perdition stares,
Is comfortless as hers; yet I
  Must not sit down and weep her loss,
  With heavy eyes and arms across,
But search the layers that underlie
  The surface of my soul, where blends
Each varied hue that nature shows—
  Long golden twilights with their ends
The red complexion of the rose;
  Glad mornings with the wings of larks
Parting the darkness from the light—
  For every joy has left its marks
Whereby its history I could write;
  And though to-day I disagree
With fate and fortune—Love's dear past
  Is locked up safe in memory—
Mine while eternity shall last!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, OF THE OCEAN, AND OF OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SICK CHILD.

The apartments in Church street had been furnished by the landlady, so that when Christopher Huntley came with a coach and a one-horse car, he had plenty of room for all that was to be moved. Lida took the boy into the carriage, and Lizzy followed with a bundle of choice, frail articles which she dared not trust to the tender mercies of the carman. Uncle Christopher mounted upon the box with the driver; and in a few moments more Bion caught the last glimpse of the window, at which he had sat so many hours with his mother, as they whirled away towards Canal street.

When the coach stopped it was in front of a very decent-looking house in Pearl street, near Chatham. The door was opened, and Bion was taken out by his uncle, who then led the way into the house. He had engaged rooms on the second floor—there were five in all,—a front sitting-room overlooking the street, with a small bed-room, leading from it, directly over the hall. Then in the rear was another room, the size of the front one, with a second small bed-room opening from it. From this last bed-room a door opened into a closet-like place which had been seemingly appropriated from the original hall. Its length was just six feet—the width of the hall,—and its breadth not much over five. In this Huntley had planned that the girls should sleep; but they very quickly refused to do any such thing, and he finally concluded to let them have the larger bed-room. Bion was to have the back chamber, while he—the guardian—took the apartment leading from the sitting-room,—the latter, of course, being set apart for general use.

Bion looked about him, and he was disappointed; but yet he made no complaint. Everything was clean and neat; and if the fashionable air of the other home was wanting the thought that this *was* a home, for the present, at least, tended to contentment. The furniture was good-looking; the floors all carpetted; the walls white and clean; the paint fresh; and the bedding unsoiled.

Dinner was served shortly after they got things arranged, and they found that they were to have no one at their table save themselves and the landlady.

This latter personage was a middle-aged, tall, spare woman, with considerable hair on her lip and chin, and with a face strongly marked by self-will and avarice. She was introduced as Mrs. Bowler; and the look with which she regarded the two colored girls seemed to say,—"Mrs. Bowler knows her place, and she hopes you know yours." But to Bion her air was different. She kissed him, and called him "a little man," and said she hoped he would be very happy in his new home. The boy smelt the rank fumes of gin very plainly as she kissed him, and he wiped his lips as quickly as possible, and then shrank away to Lida's side.

The day passed away, and the night followed. On the following morning Bion seemed nervous and uneasy.

"Lida," he said, as she was dressing him, "did you hear that noise last night?"

"I heard something," replied the girl, evasively.

"But the noise I heard was in the house," pursued the boy. "I heard naughty men talking very loud; and I am sure I heard women talking wicked talk—very wicked talk."

"Are you sure it was in the house?" asked Lida, nervously.

"O—yes—I know it was. I heard it very plainly. I laid awake and looked at the fire in the grate, and heard all they said. Some of them were in the hall."

"Well," replied the girl, "I guess there is nothing to fear. Perhaps some bad men, who had been drinking, tried to sleep here. Of course Uncle Christopher will see that such a thing don't happen again."

"Do you think Uncle Christopher is a good man?" the boy asked, with that quiet, honest earnestness which belongs to innocent childhood.

"Why do you ask such a question?" said Lida, quickly wheeling him about, so that he could not look into her face.

"Because I want to know," he replied. "Don't you think he looks very—very—a—don't he act different from what good men act? How he looks at me with his great eyes, and how he always looks away when I look at him. What makes him do that? Why should he turn away for me?"

"O—that's only your own imaginin', Bion. I wouldn't think of it. Very likely your uncle means to be very good. He has been thus far."

The breakfast-bell rang at this moment, and prevented any further remark from Bion.

After the meal was over Lida and Lizzy got together in their bed-room, while Bion was in the sitting-room, and for the first time they gave speech to their doubts.

"I'se 'spected 'im," said Lizzy, after Lida had related to her the conversation she had had with Bion. "I don't like his looks nohow."

"Nor do I," replied Lida. "But what can he do?"

"What? What *can't* he do? My soul and body, what can't white man do if he takes a notion? I tell ye, Lide—I isn't right on dis p'int."

"How d'ye mean, Lizzy?"

"What did Mas'r Christopher bring Missus dat ugly ole lawyer for, if he meant it all right? Couldn't I see dat *he* wasn't nobody decent? Couldn't I see de fire ob de bottomless pit in his eye? I tell ye, Lide, I'm agwine to watch 'um."

"Who?"

"Mas'r Christopher."

"So'll I, Lizzy."

"'Cause," pursued Lizzy, "if harm should come to Mas'r Bion I should nebber dare to pray no more. I shouldn't dare to look up for fear our good missus' sperit 'ud be a lookin' down at me wid a tearful eye, an' a shake ob her head, an' say—'Ah, Lizzy, you didn't keep yer faith wid me!'"

This mention of their mistress set them both a crying, and thus Bion found them. He asked them what was the matter, and they told him they had been thinking of his dear, good mamma. So he joined them; and for a while they forgot their doubts and fears in heart-felt mourning.

One morning Christopher Huntley sat in his bed-room, with an orange in his hand. He punctured it with a knife, and then inserted a small tube. Into this tube he put some powder from a paper, and punched it down into the orange with a piece of wire. After this he withdrew the tube, and having smoothed down all traces of the fracture in the skin, he placed the orange in a basket with a dozen more just like it.

Shortly after this Bion heard his uncle call him. He went to the bed-room, and found Christopher eating an orange.

"Here, Bion—don't you like oranges?"

"Yes, sir,—very much."

"Then take one. Here—this is a beauty. There—eat that; and then you may have some more if you want. Shall I take off part of the peeling for you?"

Bion said he might; and when he had removed the rind he gave it back, and also gave the boy two more for Lida and Lizzy, which he received with a quicker gratitude than he had evinced on the reception of his own.

At the dinner-table Bion was taken suddenly sick; and began to vomit as soon as he reached his room. Mr. Huntley came up, and seemed very much alarmed. The boy was pale as death, and felt very sick at the stomach. His uncle ordered Lida to put him to bed, and then remarked that he would hasten out and find a doctor.

"You will get Doctor Glancy, won't you, Uncle?" cried Bion, beseechingly. It was the physician who had attended his mother, and who had always been very kind to him.

"I will if I can find him," Huntley replied, as he left the room.

During the next half hour the boy suffered considerable pain, but at the end of that time he began to grow easier. The color came back to his face; his stomach felt more natural; and he said he felt quite well. Directly after this Christopher came in.

"I couldn't find Doctor Glancy," he said. "He has gone out of the city to be gone all winter; but I have brought a very fine physician. You will like him, I know."

Thus speaking he turned away, and when he came back he was followed by "the doctor."

This man's name was Henry Sommerton. He was not over thirty years of age; exceedingly well built; of good address; and what would be called by many people, handsome. Yet his face bore the marks, strong and deep, of excessive dissipation; and there was in his eye, and about the curling lips, an expression from which a practised physiognomist would have read a reckless and heartless disposition. He had strong social qualities; but of the moral faculties he possessed nothing of any effective consequence.

Sommerton had been educated for a physician, and had practised some; but of late years he had spent most of his time in squandering a fortune left him by his mother, and in gambling for more. He had succeeded in the squandering operation even beyond his own anticipations; but in getting more money by gambling he had not done so well. Barrabas Lattimore found him in the gutter, and seized upon him as just the man for the work he had in hand.

But, remember—Henry Sommerton was not a villain. Those lines upon his face had been put there by his enemy. His moral nature had been overrun and seared, so that it had been of no use. When he first listened to Lattimore's proposition, and thought the boy was to be poisoned, he spurned the lawyer from him; but when he was assured that they only meant to get the youngster out of the way for a few years, he consented to lend his assistance, in consideration of a sum of that "evil root" he so much needed.

Dr. Sommerton sat down by the bed-side, and took the boy's pulse beneath the middle finger of the right hand. After this, he looked at the tongue; and then examined the eyes and bosom. The two black servants looked on with eager gaze, for they had often heard people say that the delicate boy could not live long, and the presence of sickness of any kind frightened them.

"Has not the child met with some severe affliction lately?" he asked, looking into Huntley's face.

"Alas!—yes," the guardian answered, with a very respectable show of grief. "He lost a fond mother only a short time since. She was my sister-in-law?"

"He has mourned deeply, has he not?" the doctor pursued, turning now to Lida.

"O—yes, sir. He's taken on badly," the girl answered.

"I was sure of it. And," the physician added, with a look of extraordinary wisdom, "I find a curious development, which I can account for only upon the supposition that the boy was born and nursed in a warm climate. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir—perfectly. He was born in New Orleans," replied Huntley.

"I thought so."

By this time, the two simple-minded girls gazed upon the doctor with a sort of admiration amounting almost to reverence. They felt sure that he must be a wonderful man, and an extraordinary physician.

"What is your opinion of the case, doctor?" the uncle asked.

"Well—we can tell better when we see how he bears the treatment," replied the doctor, thoughtfully. "I don't think there is any danger—that is, if he is properly cared for."

"Then, there is no danger at all," quicle'y responded Huntley; "for he shall have all the care which I can bestow; and I know that these two girls will not even sleep, if circumstances shall be such as to require it."

The freed girls were much moved by this, as the grateful looks with which they regarded the speaker proved.

"I will prescribe some simple medicine," resumed Sommerton, "and if you will come this way, I will instruct you how to administer it."

This last sentence was addressed to Lida, and she at once followed Huntley and the doctor from the apartment. The door was gently closed behind them, and when they reached the front room, Sommerton took a seat, and motioned for Lida and her master to do the same.

"My friend," he said, addressing the guardian, "I did not wish to speak too plainly before your nephew—your nephew, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir—the only child of my only and beloved brother."

"Well—I did not want to speak too plainly before him. But, to you, I must tell the truth. He is in a very bad condition. A long-cherished and deep-seated grief has so preyed upon his heart, that it has become deeply affected. The right auricle is partly closed, and the tri-cuspid valve greatly swollen, so as to affect its working. This prevents the arterial blood from flowing freely, the semi-lunar valve being also much affected. Hence we find a pale look about the patient. Hasn't he been very pale?"

"Yes—very," answered Huntley.

"But," continued the doctor, "I should not entertain so much fear on this account, were I not sure that the valve of Eustachius, which is situated at the termination of the vena cava inferior, and just within the auricle, is beginning to ossify! If this is the case, there is much danger. However, it may not be so; though I can tell in a very few days. You will say nothing of this to the boy."

"O—of course not," replied Lida, to whom the warning was addressed, trembling with apprehension as she spoke.

"I will obtain the medicine, and give it to your master, and he will tell you how to administer it."

The doctor arose, and moved towards the door, when Lida caught him by the arm. There were tears in her eyes, and her frame trembled convulsively.

"Oh! doctor!" she cried, "you will save my young mas'r, won't you? Oh! don't let him die!"

"I will do the best I can, my good girl; and I hope you will do all you can."

"Oh! I will! God help me to save him! And God help you, too. He's too good to die now! He's too young!"

"Well, well—I'll do the best I can. Don't worry yet. Just you go and keep him easy. I know how these things work. He may feel better by-and-by, and think he's getting better; but do you be careful, and not let him get up, for it will only be a false feeling."

Poor Lida! Could it be possible that a man who saw right through the human heart so clearly, could be at fault? Ah, no! Doctor Sommerton had impressed her deeply, and she firmly believed that he was a wonderful man.

He had played his part well. He had been instructed by Huntley that the suspicions of those two girls must be guarded against most carefully, for nothing would escape their observation. He understood his part.

In a short time, the uncle returned with the medicine, and found Lida still in the front room. He asked her if she had been there since he went out, and she told him she had. She dared not go into the other room for fear her looks would betray the secret. However, she had gained control of her feelings now, and was ready for work.

The medicine which Huntley had brought was a liquid, the intended effect of which was, simply to reduce the system, weaken the appetite, and thus induce an apparent decline.

A week passed from the time of Bion's first sickness, and he was reduced to a state of weakness that rendered him unable to walk across the room, without fatigue. He was pale and thin, and his little hands had become almost transparent. His great, brown eyes shone with a bright light, and in spirit he was weak and resigned.

"O, Lida," he said, with a hopeful smile, "I think God has called for me to come and be with my dear mother. Don't you think so?"

But the faithful girl couldn't believe any such thing. If the boy did die, he would surely join his mother in the home of the Risen Christ. But she could not yet make up her mind that she must part with him.

And Christopher Huntley came and stood by that bed-side, day after day; and he knew that this was but the commencement of a life of anguish, to which he had devoted his nephew! He came, and he gazed upon the patient, uncomplaining boy, and not one feeling of remorse entered his soul. He looked upon the child of his brother, without love; and he remembered only the gold that lay heaped up just beyond the disappearance of his little charge! The pale, weak, unoffending boy, was all that stood between him and wealth.

On the seventh day of his labors, Henry Sommerton, reprobate and sinner as he was, melted beneath the noble resignation and Christian mildness of his victim.

"Ah, doctor," the little fellow said, grasping the hand that had been feeling his pulse, "you must tell me the truth. Don't you think I shall die? I am not afraid. I think I should like to die."

"Why so, my son?" the physician asked, gazing into the child's face, with a look of deep interest.

"Because I don't think I shall ever be happy here. I have a mother in Heaven. O—she was a good mother, sir—a very good mother. She loved me very well. If I should go to her now, I think she would be happy. But, O—she would be very miserable if I should grow up and be a bad man. But, then, I couldn't do that, sir—indeed I couldn't. I don't think anybody could be bad who had a good mother watching over him in Heaven. Do you think so, sir?"

The doctor did not speak. His head was bowed, and his frame trembled perceptibly.

"What ails you, sir?" asked Bion, as he was sure he saw a tear trickle down between two of the man's fingers.

"Nothing—nothing," was the reply. "But," he added, with startling energy, "you will not die. You will live through this sickness, I am sure. Or," he uttered, remembering that he had thus broken his promise to his employer. "I hope you will live. I will save you if I can. But I am in a hurry now. I have another patient."

Shortly after this, Sommerton left the sick chamber; and in the sitting-room he met Huntley.

"Sir," he said, earnestly, and with much feeling, "I have been at this work long enough. I can weaken that boy no more!"

"How?" uttered the guardian in surprise.

"Ask me no questions, sir," the doctor resumed, "but listen to what I say: I cannot—I will not be engaged in this longer. I have helped you this far faithfully; but I cannot go to that boy's bedside again and feel that I am the mere tool, used by a scheming man, for keeping him sick and in torture. Set me free, sir—set me free!"

"But, my dear sir—are you crazy? Have you not taken my money? Have you not put my clothes upon your back? Have you——"

"Stop, Christopher Huntley! I will give you back your money—I will strip off these clothes, and jump into my old rags again—but I will not help any longer to keep that poor boy down upon a bed of sickness! Look how mild he is—how resigned and uncomplaining. I should think your own heart——"

Sommerton was cut short in this remark by the entrance of Barrabas Lattimore. The wing-eared shark gazed carefully around, and then beckoned Huntley aside. The doctor arose to depart, but both the attorney and the host bade him stop. They then passed into the little bed-room, and closed the door after them.

"What is it?" Huntley asked, as soon as they were thus alone.

"I've had a faithful servant on the look out," returned Lattimore, "and he has brought me good tidings. Down in Cross-street, close by the corner of Orange, there is a dead boy—died last night—cold weather—body 'll freeze—so keep it as long we please—looks like Bion—very much—almost exactly—boy six years old—died with consumption—never was well since birth—mother widow—nobody knows her—child never be missed—twenty dollars make her be happy—thinks we want to save some boy by getting him away from his enemies—swore child should have Christian burial—we'd show him to her in coffin."

"Good!" uttered Huntley, emphatically, as Lattimore closed his quaint, disjointed speech. "You're just in time. Sommerton is getting nervous. He swears he won't keep Bion sick any more."

"Swears he wont?" cried the attorney. "We'll see!"

"Hush," interposed the host, placing his hand upon his companion's arm. "Don't say a word. He's done well for us—done nobly; but the boy has worked upon his heart, ye see. I overheard some of their conversation. He has lost his mother, hasn't he?"

"Yes. 'Twas his mother left him all the property—eighty thousand dollars. She set everything by him. He was her only child."

"That's it. Bion 's been talking about his mother, and has got Sommerton all worked up; so that anything said now would only end in a row, for men won't bear much when they're feeling so,

LITTLE BION AND MARGERY GRCTT.

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If this child can be had—or this body—we must go at once in that direction at once. Shall we want the doctor's services anymore?"

"No—I don't see that we shall."

"Then let's discharge him. Of course he'll keep mum."

"No fear of that."

After this the two men returned to the sitting-room, where the young doctor still sat.

"Doctor Summerton," said Hunsley, "we shall not require your services any more, unless it be to restore the boy to health again."

"I'll do that with pleasure, sir," the physician quickly retorted.

"Very well. You shall hear from me within a day or two."

With this Summerton left the apartment, while Huntley and Lantierne retired again into the bedroom to consult some plan for getting rid of the boy's unwelcome guest for a few days. Less so unscrupulous as they were, could not be long in laying the plans for such a work.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I'LL BE A MAN."

"That's a hard case," said Mr. Narrowgrip, as he sat, one morning, with his feet on the edge of his mate's desk, he spoke to his partner, who had just entered the store. "It's rather hard."

"What is it?" asked Mahogany, warming his hands over the red-hot cylinders.

"Don't you remember reading about the loss of the ship Golden Crescent in the Chinese sea? The news came on here last May, sometime, I think."

"Yes, I remember. What about it?"

"Why—there was a New Orleans merchant lost in that sacred Huntley. He was quite wealthy, and left a wife and child. The ship was a valuable one—very valuable. Glad we hadn't anything in her."

"But what is this hard case you speak of?"

"Oh—yes. Here—read this."

Mr. Mahogany took the morning paper, and read the following:

"Benjamin Cash.—The readers may remember the name, which happened a few months since at this Hudson Huntley. Shortly after the news of the loss of the ship reached this city, the wife of the unfortunate man died. About the time of her removal hither the bereaved father received the news of the loss of his property by the burning of the ship. She lingered through the summer, and in October she was consigned to the tomb. Mr. Cash was left in the care of a nurse and four children, who has been all to his power for the past; but now he is himself about to be bereaved. Since the death of his mother he has manifested symptoms which tell that he is wasting away from the world, and as our young would be supported incapable of rendering him any assistance, we have thought it our duty to mention the fact to the public. He daily awaits the coming of the dread messenger, and when he comes, the four little children will be left to the mercy of the world. We have perceived symptoms that our city officers have wished upon them, and we will join in pronouncing them a curse. Where is the charitable bodies found? It is surely a melancholy case. To us it would be the most of the pleasure to be the means of the relief of that little child, and observe its interest and benefit would be the theme of all gossip."

This was read on that cold morning over many warm stoves, and various were the comments made thereon.

Christopher Huntley was in Lantierne's office, and there he read the article, with a look of deep satisfaction.

"I think I did that very well," said the utter scamp.

"Yes, sir," responded the other. "It reads just right. And now we are ready to go ahead. Will your men be on hand to-night?"

"Yes. I have engaged such as can be depended upon. Send, Huntley, I think I shall have well earned my money by the time we get through with this."

"I hope you won't be asking for any more, though."

"No—never fear. The two thousand will amply satisfy me. I am not one of those who continually cry for more than they have contracted for. Yet I think I shall be worth the money to you. Alone you could have done nothing, for you would not have known when to trust. But I am satisfied. I only hope you are the same."

"Perfectly, sir," returned Huntley. "I only ask you to be faithful, and I shall not fail to pay cheerfully. But say—are you sure you have secured that boy?"

"Certainly."

"How did you manage it so as to ensure the officers?"

I had the woman give out that her boy had got better and gone out into the country with a relative; so of course there'll be no question asked about him. The body is buried, and the matter over. It will keep forever."

This was all Mr. Huntley desired to know at present, and he took his leave—it being understood that they should meet that evening at another place.

The day passed away, and Ben, who had taken no medicine since the morning of the day before, began to feel stronger and better. He was not so sick, and he could talk without exhaustion. Lizzy had lighted a lamp, and was seated at his side, while Lizzy was engaged in fixing the fire in the grate.

Just as the latter was brushing up the hearth-the hearth a brush upon the outer edge of the ash-trap-room. She hastened thither and found a man there. She stepped into the room as the door was opened, and asked Lizzy if she was the one who had charge of Master Ben Huntley.

"I'm not so sir, my name is Lizzy."

"Well—I want to see you both a moment," resumed the man. "Don't be frightened—come up. He can't come this evening himself, but he's found a nice situation where he is sure will care for him. He discovered it at the hospital this afternoon, and I have come to explain it to you. Poor boy! The doctor has told me what's the matter with him, and he is. We must save him if we can. Just call Lizzy, and—"

"My name is Lizzy, sir."

"Ah—Lizzy! Well, Lizzy, and we'll have the matter explained at once."

The girl held not a thought of deception. She had wondered why the doctor had not been there, and hence she was not at all surprised to receive a messenger from him. She went to the back chamber with a quick, light step, and called her companion out.

"What is it?" asked Lida, as she reached the sitting-room.

"Here is a gentleman as has come from the doctor will send's to cure Mas'r Ben right up. Don't the man."

"Ah," said the individual thus alluded to, stepping forward with a cheerful smile, "I will explain. Suppose you shut that door as I would converse rather the boy should not hear all I have to say."

Lizzy stepped back on hearing this, and closed shut the door, and then returned.

The man was well-dressed, and not by any means ill-looking; though his face was stamped with crime and debauchery; but he seemed a smiling complaisance now which took well with the girls.

Between the two front windows stood a table, upon which was a burning lamp. The man moved to this table and took a small packet from his pocket, which he laid down by the lamp and then proceeded to open it. At this moment two faces might have been seen peering out from the gloom of the hall. They stood high from the floor, and were broad and heavy, which circumstance would seem to imply that their owners were stout, powerful men.

"Here, girls," said the man with the packet, as he went off the string. "Now if you want to see what's a going to cure the boy, just look."

Both girls moved up to the table and bent eagerly over; and so intent were they upon the strange development they supposed was coming that a stranger step had been heard, and they would not have been noticed.

"There—you see these little papers," said the messenger, opening the bundle.

"Yes," replied the two girls, in concert.

"Well these papers contain the compound essence of opiathumpium. In effect upon the system is quite astonishing. Now look: I will open one the curtain thing. Keep your eyes open, now. You see the effect of these powders is quite upon the ground gangrene of the right dorsiferous. The essence of opiathumpium has been the fin all ages to be the surest cure of all diseases resulting from an alienation of humbledom-herbedrum. You will observe, as I remove this thing, that the resplendent particles of the——. Are you looking, girls?"

"Yes—"

The word was not wholly spoken, for at that particular instant a thick cloth was thrown wholly over the head of each of the girls, and they were drawn back and held fast in the arms of two powerful men.

By this time the fallen man had so far collected their thoughts as to be aware that they were in the hands of villains; and they gave to display strength in concert. Lizzy made a spring for the door, but was caught by the arm, and, as she was through but not Lida made a move in the same direction at the same time, the result of which was, that the door was shut, and both were held fast.

"Look here, my beauties—you'd better try that game again!" said one of the men, as he saw Lizzy giving Lizzy a blow upon the side of the head with his clenched fist.

The blow stunned her for the moment; and Lida, fearing the same treatment, and feeling no hope of overcoming the two powerful villains, stood and consoled quiet.

At the end of half an hour the coach stopped, and the two girls were tak-n out, having been first kindly informed that they'd die if they made any fuss. They were in a narrow street, and, as far from the peculiar odor that prevailed the almost that they were near the river, and in the midst of docks. As soon as they reached the sidewalk they were forced into a dark alley, which led to a small, dirty court, where the rattling mow had formed a small pool. Here was a curious compound of mud and filth. Across this court stood an old, dilapidated looking house, the front door of which was reached by a rotting stairway. Up this the girls were borne when they went, where one of the men gave a quick, loud rap, which was soon forth answered, and the two girls were borne upward to the bullet to last through the thirty stairs was no fear of suffering on that account. Both were dirty and wretched in appearance, and better and milk; and then the prisoners were thrown into a dirty, gloomy and dirty chest. There was a source of agony which food and fire could not reach!

CHAPTER IX.

MARGERY GRUTT.

Ben lay upon his bed for some time, very pallid—almost white—in the picture of death when half-an-hour had elapsed, and no Lida came, Lizzy began to worry, and should not be left alone, but there was no answer. He called again, but with the same result. Moved by an undefinable fear, he arose from his bed, and went to the door of the front room where he met his uncle.

"Where is Lizzy?" was the inquiring of running off?" cried Christopher, pleasantly.

"Where is Lida?" the boy asked, taking no notice of the question.

"That's just what I've come to explain to you, my child. Your nurse has gone to the country. She got sent most gentle time he could command. "But you'll be with me, and I'll do for you. Don't you feel as though you would eat something?"

"Yes, uncle," the boy cried, eagerly, and with a brightened face. "I am very hungry."

"Yes. The doctor says you may eat some now; and as soon as it's ready I'll go over and get you medicine."

And he bade Lida grow to fit me something?"

"No. Lida and Lizzy have both gone away on an errand. I'll explain it after you eat some supper."

"But they'll come back soon, won't they? They will be back to-night?"

"No, no—you'll see 'em in a short time. But don't you want to eat on your chicken? Don't you know where they are?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then put them on. You may catch cold to-night and not without being dressed. You just rig yourself up, and I'll go and get you your supper and for you."

The poor boy was fairly worn down with hunger. Within five hours after he took his last dose of medicine, the only effect left upon his system was that of the strengthening medicine from which he took in order to keep up the sinking sickness, and at the same time to sustain the vital forces. He had been necessary to give the powders every three or four hours. He dressed himself as rapidly as possible from the fire to get something that could produce constitutional evil. Hence Ben was now entirely free from the effects of the drugs which were given him, and he felt as though he could eat a horse.

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With this the girls were led up the narrow stairway; and when they finally stopped, it was in a small room, with high, solid walls, and lighted by means of a small candle. There was a bed upon the floor; a single chair; a small pine stand, with a piece of tallow candle hanging over it, and a little stool-free stove, the funnel of which entered the chimney that ran upon one side.

"Up-s!" roared Ivory. "Ou'll be safe enough here. Then hang up the lamp and be satisfied—

"Now keep easy, an' in the morn'n' you shall have bun breakfast. Be good, now, or I may lab to put you in a dark cell."

Thus speaking he locked the two men out, and then followed them. The door was fastened and locked, and the two girls were within a prison which had held a score of prisoners more than they were. The place was not totally dark, for the star-light gleamed dimly through the glazed and barred sashes, and by means of this they could see quite plainly.

They listened until the sound of the retreating footsteps had died away, and then Lizzy spoke:

"Lida—what for you s'pose they do this?"

"Why—can't you see? These wicked men have stolen us away, and they think there'll be a reward for us, and so—and so they're afraid that they'll see, those men will carry us back and get the reward. Don't you see?"

Yes—Lizzy saw it very plainly; and she felt, for the first time, sympathy for Christopher Huntley! She thought she could see how natural it would be when he found they were gone, and no one to look after the boy.

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"Ain't—what for you s'pose they do that?"

"Oh—I don't know. But I'm afraid that poor Ben feel's!"

Lizzy started as though something had struck her to the heart. She had thought of this before. She had only been arguing with herself as to the possibility of Ben's condition at this early part. But now she saw the poor boy with no one near him, unable to help himself, in the dangerous jaloned bar, and together they wept. They wept and sobbed, and prayed and mourned—then they arose, and sobbed again. The cries of the morning light found them with swollen eyes and pallid faces, and they were sitting upon the bed through the long, cold night.

When there was light up that its beams could reach the sky-light, Old Ivory came and locked in. He did not stop, nor did he make any answer to those who inquired for food. He came in shortly afterwards, however, the door was opened again, and Lizzy was ushered in, or the other servant by sight; of middle age; and though not really ugly in appearance, there was something about her face that gave one a repulsive. She had brought a large basket with her in which were materials for making tea. She placed them upon the floor, and as she had not looked at the prisoners nor had any act of recognition of their presence, she turned and left the room and consulted quiet.

At the end of half an hour the coach stopped, and the two girls were tak-n out, having been first kindly informed that they'd die if they made any fuss. They were in a narrow street, and, far from the peculiar odor that prevailed the almost that they were near the river, and in the midst of docks. As soon as they reached the sidewalk they were forced into a dark alley, which led to a small, dirty court, where the rattling mow had formed a small pool. Here was a curious compound of mud and filth. Across this court stood an old, dilapidated looking house, the front door of which was reached by a rotting stairway. Up this the girls were borne when they went, where one of the men gave a quick, loud rap, which was soon forth answered, and the two were borne upward to the bullet to last through the thirty stairs was no fear of suffering on that account. Both were dirty and wretched in appearance, and better and milk; and then the prisoners were thrown into a dirty, gloomy and dirty chest. There was a source of agony which food and fire could not reach!

CHAPTER IX.

MARGERY GRUTT.

Ben lay upon his bed for some time, very pallid—almost white—in the picture of death when half-an-hour had elapsed, and no Lida came, Lizzy began to worry, and should not be left alone, but there was no answer. He called again, but with the same result. Moved by an undefinable fear, he arose from his bed, and went to the door of the front room where he met his uncle.

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"Where is Lida?" the boy asked, taking no notice of the question.

"That's just what I've come to explain to you, my child. Your nurse has gone to the country. She got sent most gentle time he could command. "But you'll be with me, and I'll do for you. Don't you feel as though you would eat something?"

"Yes, uncle," the boy cried, eagerly, and with a brightened face. "I am very hungry."

"Yes. The doctor says you may eat some now; and as soon as it's ready I'll go over and get you medicine."

And he bade Lida grow to fit me something?"

"No. Lida and Lizzy have both gone away on an errand. I'll explain it after you eat some supper."

"But they'll come back soon, won't they? They will be back to-night?"

"No, no—you'll see 'em in a short time. But don't you want to eat on your chicken? Don't you know where they are?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then put them on. You may catch cold to-night and not without being dressed. You just rig yourself up, and I'll go and get you your supper and for you."

The poor boy was fairly worn down with hunger. Within five hours after he took his last dose of medicine, the only effect left upon his system was that of the strengthening medicine from which he took in order to keep up the sinking sickness, and at the same time to sustain the vital forces. He had been necessary to give the powders every three or four hours. He dressed himself as rapidly as possible from the fire to get something that could produce constitutional evil. Hence Ben was now entirely free from the effects of the drugs which were given him, and he felt as though he could eat a horse.

With this the girls were led up the narrow stairway; and when they finally stopped, it was in a small room, with high, solid walls, and lighted by means of a small candle. There was a bed upon the floor; a single chair; a small pine stand, with a piece of tallow candle hanging over it, and a little stool-free stove, the funnel of which entered the chimney that ran upon one side.

"Up-s!" roared Ivory. "Ou'll be safe enough here. Then hang up the lamp and be satisfied—

"Now keep easy, an' in the morn'n' you shall have bun breakfast. Be good, now, or I may lab to put you in a dark cell."

Thus speaking he locked the two men out, and then followed them. The door was fastened and locked, and the two girls were within a prison which had held a score of prisoners more than they were. The place was not totally dark, for the star-light gleamed dimly through the glazed and barred sashes, and by means of this they could see quite plainly.

They listened until the sound of the retreating footsteps had died away, and then Lizzy spoke:

"Lida—what for you s'pose they do this

as slowly followed the woman from the room. Through a long, narrow passage they passed, Mr. Jenkins thinking that he was in the dark, and finally up a flight of very narrow stairs, and very steep. There was another passage leading this time towards the front of the building; and presently they came to a door which she opened. They had passed quite a number of doors, and Miss woodhouse knew they all led to.

As the boy followed his guide through this doorway he found himself in a small chamber, very prettily furnished, and very neat and clean. The walls were white and clean, and the single bed covered by a new curtain; the floor carpeted; the bed very nice and pretty; and the furniture all new and neat. It was warm in there, the fuel from the stove below coming up into a new air hole, and thus radiating considerable heat into the room.

Bion wondered at all this; for all else he had seen in the house had been poor and dirty. He did not know that his own money had paid for all these things, and that they were to be his only recompense for much suffering. Ah, sir—his young heart conceived not yet of the evil which had befallen him!

"My nurse is Margery," the woman said, as she set her candle down. "Pretty name, isn't it? I'm Aunt Margery. Come—sit down and rest you."

The poor boy said 'twas a good name; and he offered no resistance to her kindness. The bed was undressed and in bed.

"Won't you leave the candle?" he asked.

"Certainly, my lootle darlin'. Good-night."

The child said "Good-night;" and as soon as the door was closed he burst into tears again.

Half an hour afterwards Margery stepped noiselessly into this chamber, and found the boy asleep; but the heavy breathing was broken by sobs; and burst into prayer something, as though he talked to his shadows.

She drew near and listened. There were tears upon his pale cheeks, and his little hands were clasped over his breast.

And as she slept he murmured again.

Margery listened still, and she heard him say,—

"My Mommy!"

Noiselessly she took up her candle and glided from the apartment. It was a single word, and but a heart; but from that moment her hard heart was softened towards that poor orphan boy, and she resolved what would be and what could be done he could. She remembered a lost one—a boy who once learned to speak that same word to her—who learned to speak it plainly, and then died!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ORPHAN'S HYMN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Father ! in. I dwell alone !
Loved ones all before me gone.
Father, mother, side by side,
Sister, brothers, all have died.
Where no shadows darkly fall,
Where Thy love is all in all.

Where have you earth ties Thee?
Oh ! my God, be near to me!
I am sick of lonely years,
I am footsore too of tears.
Lack of love hath made me cold,
Will this ice my soul enfold?
In Thine arms, and let me rest,
Comforter, upon thy breast!

Death hath now no fear for me,
Joyful to the past I flee;
For his bridged eternity now
By their love who've gone before
And I have no need to pray,
"Take Father if death away."
Life is what I cannot bear,
If Thou cast me not on me.

Keep me one in Thy sight,
Guard me, love me, and all night,
May I through all gloom press on,
Praying unto whom none listen?
Watching want in future hours;
Praying when 'mid brightest hours;
Clinging closest to Thy side,
When most dangerously wide.

Let me trust in no defense
Short of Thine omnipotence;
Bind this yearning heart of mine
Fast with cords of love to Thine;
Teach me every sin to flee;
And because I pray for me,
And when life and tears are past,
Take me home to be at last.

LOOKING FOR WRINKLES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There had been a domestic storm in the household of Mr. Hutchins, and storms, when they come to say, had become rather frequent in that household. Mr. Hutchins was a man of excitable temper, and kind feelings; but with defects of character that were often particularly annoying to his wife, a quick-tempered woman, who, when once fairly aroused, made everything stand around her, as the saying is. Mr. Hutchins was apt to forget and neglect—two faults with which Mrs. Nicholson had no experience especially when the forgetting and neglecting interfered with matters bearing a relation to her daily round of duties.

A thoughtless, business-loving youth up to manhood, and consequent habits of order, with a methodical way of doing things, had come to Mr. Nicholson success as a merchant. Without those important qualities to fashion his character, a quick and amiable qualities would have easily interfered with his material interests. But, neglect and forgetfulness were out of the question, where system and routine were strictly observed. It was out of his business sphere Mr. Nicholson's peculiar weaknesses were seen. He was one of the class of men who keep their wives waiting, and who observe the scoldings they not unfrequently receive—who forget to close the little household commissions entrusted to them, and neglect, from day to day, and from week to week, the doing of things absolutely necessary to be done, in order to secure comfort at home.

Indeed, Mr. Nicholson might say, as her husband is leaving for his place of business in the morning, "I want you stop at the store as you go down, and tell Mr. Perkins to send up a bag of nails and a gallon of vinegar?"

Certainly Mr. Nicholson answers, and in a way so cheerfully acquiescent, that his wife feels pleasure in the willingness with which she assigns it. scarcely is Mr. Nicholson fair paces from his own door, ere some matter of business intrudes itself, and so fully occupies his thoughts, that he passes the store of Mr. Perkins, and even nods to Mr. Perkins himself without once thinking of the nail and vinegar. Now, until nail and vinegar are thrown upon him from the face and lips of his aggravated wife at dinner time, is he again conscious aware that such articles exist.

"It is too bad, I declare!" he may answer; or, "what a terrible memory I have!" or, "I deserve a good scolding!" But Mr. Nicholson never resents his wife's use of salt and vinegar, in such cases. Her anger is but a passing storm, and he knows that the sky will soon be clear again. Still, these outbreaks are by no means agreeable, and it is one of his chief regrets, that Mrs. Nicholson's handsome face is so often marred by unbecoming passion. He tries to be more thoughtful in regard to her wishes, but habit is strong, and he goes on offending.

There had been, as we have intimated, one of these too often recurring storms in the household of Mr. Nicholson. His wife had said to him one morning—it is a familiar, every-day sentence in particular intimacy, that she so steadily persisted in burdening him with commissions, not the half of which were ever attended to—

"Edward, won't you stop at Mr. Blackwell's, as you go along, and ask Mrs. Blackwell to send me up that pattern of a basque I lent her? Margaret is coming this morning to make one for me. She can only give me a part of to-day. Now, don't forget it, please."

"A basque pattern, did you say?" Mr. Nicholson was always ready to oblige his wife.

"Yes. Mrs. Blackwell will know the pattern I mean. Tell her I would have sent for it, but that I have only just got this week, and she is over that it is almost as much as my life is worth to ask her to do anything out of the kitchen."

"Hadn't you better send a note?" suggested Mr. Nicholson.

"It is not worth while. Mrs. Blackwell will know what I mean. It is a pattern I lent her a few days ago. Now don't forget, Edward. The number that Margaret will be here this morning, and she can't do anything without the pattern."

"I'll attend to it," said the husband, as he parted from his wife. But he didn't attend to it; and it was a fuddle thing to Mrs. Nicholson, knowing his fallibility, to entrust him with any commission of importance. Almost past the door of Mrs. Blackwell he went, without a thought of the basque pattern in his head, and, had he been asked his errand, would have answered, "Nothing."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Sole Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1873.

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We will send the back numbers of the LEDGER, by mail, from January 1st to August 9th, twenty-seven numbers in all, to any person who sends us one dollar. These numbers contain the following tales complete: THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER, *Mrs. Sidney*; RACHEL, THE SOLDIER, by *Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.*; THE ASHCROFT HEIRESS, by *Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz*; THE WIDOW'S VOW, by *Mrs. Henry Bibbey*; THE WILD KNIGHT, by *Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.*; and THE WIFE OF TOLEDO, by *Dr. Brewer*. In addition to all these splendid, complete tales, the purchaser will, of course, get all the other good things in the LEDGER, including short tales, sketches, poems, anecdotes, adventures, &c., &c., from the pens of the first writers in the country.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

The Pilgrims who landed on the bleak rocks of Plymouth, in 1620, little dreamed they were planting the seeds of a mighty nation. Religious fervor, and more gigantic in geographical proportions than any recorded in the history of the past. Amid the Winter woes they sang their psalm of Advent—from the path of the ocean, and the bondage of conscience, to escape which they had left home-hearths and altars in the father land. They sang their psalm, and the wilds of Nature pitched their tents in the wilderness, which, unperceived in their forecasting vision, was the very circumstance, to them with villages and cities, and farm-fields blossoming like the rose. Little dreamed they of the glory that should crown the empire then taking root under the shadow of primeval woods, of their noble children, of a Republic with numbering millions and spread over a continent, would, while blessing their memories, be the historical conquests of the Roman to crown.

Nay, rather they saw the founders of the Republic, now more than a gleam of the triumph, which even before our eyes, stands almost a miracle in the list of nations. Great was the integrity of their hope and faith, and trusting the future to God, the one struck the axe at the root of the forest, conquering inhospitable nature and savage rule, by unparalleled endurance and daring; while the other, denouncing the tyrant who had ventured over the ocean, through seven long years of bloody struggle, put him from the throne of power, and created of a free people to the world. But though these types were not the coming glory of their prophetic vision, their work triumphed. The few Pilgrim's of the Mayflower were multiplied to millions, and the Revolution christened in the streets of Lexington, was the union of the Republic. Providence wanted over their destiny, and guarded their infant in Him.

Now do we comprehend our national destiny much more than did the Pilgrims and men of the Revolution. We close our eyes to the greatness that is to come, and, drawing a narrow circle on our map, feel limits to the Republic. Mountains rise up before us, and the sea seems a barrier against us. Blind that we are! The sea vibrates from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the centre of the Republic illimitable as the continent—the hemisphere. Beatitude as the Summer current that quickens its veins, it sweeps over rivers and mountains, until it circles the ice-berge of the North and the sands of the tropics. Its pulse throbs in the weak-eyed populace unaware it is vein. Short of the oceans that girdle the hemisphere, are its bounds. Instinct—God himself has set those limits.

Fifty years ago, thirteen States, and three million souls, held and constituted the Republic; today, thirty-one states, and territory enough for twice that extent, are the heir to the unexampled growth of seventy-five years, than were the "Thirteen United" at the close of the last century. Now the Mississippi was beyond the farthest bound. We have long since, passed the "Father of Waters," and three thousand steamer-keels furrow the bosom of the "mighty Mississippi," bearing our Western commerce. Five years more, and the Pacific will be sufficient for empires, lie beyond it, and yet our States extend, with its boundless growth, its populace, sweep on! From East to West it justles the ocean, and from North to South, including the ends of the hemisphere, it pursues its irresistible course. Languages and races commingle in it, and each tributary adds its quota to the power and glory. Let him who bounds the Republic short of the Pacific, look forward a century, and learn his mistake from the hundred millions of Americans, who, on that day, will have occupied the Northern continent—yes, and the whole Western World. Such is our manifest, our inevitable destiny!

HARD TIMES.—Some of the editorial craft in the Southwest seem to have much difficulty in getting their subscribers to pay up. Said was of them, in other despair, makes the following comprehensive offer:

Anything in the way of food or provender for man, beast or reptile, taken in exchange, at market prices, by subscribers to the Investigator; also brains, bathing suits, shingles, wood delivered at our office or piled on the bank of the river, land warrants, hay, oil, canada wedding, vinegar and old whiskey.

THIRTY of the Cadets of the Georgia Military Institute were recently expelled for rioting a circus.

STATUTE EVILS.

As a citizen, we are not in favor of laws other than correspond with our statute books and constitutions; except they be made higher by constitutional processes. Subordination to law is what distinguishes the civilized man from the savage; but while law-abiding, we may properly and justly complain of whatever we deem evil in law. Take, for instance, the case of a man arrested for some criminal offence by our city. He is the husband of a dependent, loving, faithful and innocent wife, and the father of more or less innocent and—at least from him—defenceless children. He is tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for a given period, and, as is often the case, he goes to jail a gaol; and being poor, his fine is collected by prosecuting attorney, and the chivalrous fee-man at work, and pockets the profits of his toil for the regular time of his sentence. For the irregular time, during which he is detained, he is docked from his toil, and the balance credited to his fee.

During this, perhaps, period of years, shut off from any exposed situation, he no guilt of theirs; what is the probable fate of the prisoner's family? It would not be strange if protectorless young boys forged by want, should become thieves; daughters abandoned—and with, everything that a true woman adores. We could paint in words more virtuous and happy family, of a wife and half-a-dozen children, in four years, pursued by poverty and despair, and the husband and father, after working for the State—all became inmates of poorhouses and prisons. How different would have been had the State, punishing the criminal by imprisonment, given over the fine collected by it for the support of his innocent family—entitled to the earnings, whatever his offences against the State. By parading the offender in the streets, finally maker more criminals than ill punished, and assails those responsibilities which God has ordered of God.

Besides, would not imprisonment be more reformatory, if the convict felt that his crime was not entailing utter want and ruin upon his family—his wife and children? We have in Sing Sing Prison cherubs, and with whom, at the moment of his re-union, he could live in regions where the world, guilt, unknow- to society around him, might be forever eternal obliterated. We have seen it, and once more become a man. It does seem to us that consideration of this kind, touching the structure and principles of our laws, should be widespread and effective of reform.

RISING MEN.

Biographical notices of the late Douglas Gerald give us the fact that his early education in literature was as a printer's apprentice, and that his first writings were timidly contributed, anonymously, to the journal for which he was setting type. There is suggestive of other kindred facts which cannot be too frequently presented to the public. Here we will name a few of them.

We might pass over the examples furnished by antiquity, of Publius, Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus, who were born in humble life, and of Ephraim Kirby, who originally a porter, and afterwards thence, who was the son of a butcher, and at seven years of age began a life of hardship, which history. This gives us examples of the rise to emthe common people. The following are more to our purpose.

In view of the above biographical citations, is there not enough to encourage those in "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" to persevere? Surely there is, especially in a republican country like ours. There is a maxim which teaches that wealth can be done, man can do by man. This is not true, of course, as an invariable rule. But as a general rule, it is. Cheer up, then, ambitious young man, and take courage from these examples of rising men:

"Lives of great men oft remind us we can make our lives sublime?"

BE THOROUGH.

Every year, thousands of young men leave home and school, and commence the great battle of human life—to struggle, in many cases, for their very existence. And it is astonishing how few of these young aspirants for fortune are properly equipped for the contest. Not one in a hundred of them can do any one thing thoroughly. They are hasty, superficial, and slighting matters of importance, which may be sound or unsound, and which he cannot tell from any standpoint but the one he occupies at the moment. His powers have not been developed by that thorough discipline which has been all his life reading about how things are done, instead of doing them himself.

This is all wrong. Young men should reduce their education to practice as they go along. They should learn to do. They should study to learn work more; real less, and dull more; that instead of having mere superficial knowledge of many matters, they may become thorough, practical, exact men, capable of doing what they undertake, up to the last notch of perfection, and with a vigor and rapidity in keeping with the characteristics of the age.

A RUNNING BOOK.

A work entitled "The Life and Beauties of Fanny Fern," which was published in New York some two years ago and died a natural death, has recently been re-issued from the press of a Philadelphia publisher. The book contains a "Life" of Fanny Fern, nor any of her "Beauties." It is simply a catchpenny, bogus affair, that is published without Fanny Fern's knowledge or consent, and which people would do well not to waste their money upon. We are astonished that any publisher who is considered respectable should permit his good name by appending it to such a fist, trashy, and unsatisfactory work.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PERPS AT PHILADELPHIA.

SUMMER EVENS.

If you want to see unmasked human nature, enjoy your eyes open in railroad cars and on steamboats. You find man, poring over a newspaper, while he is passing through country where the shifting lights and shadows make pictures every minute, more beautiful than the work of human god. See that woman, who has journeyed with her four children hundreds of miles, because she was proud to say women may safely journey in America. Of the latter heterogeneous—travel-stained, care-worn and weary, listening to and answering patiently and pleasantly the thousand and one questions of childhood; distributing to them, now a cracker, now a sip of water from the cask in the corner, brushing back the hair from their flushed brows, while her own is throbbing with the pain, of which she never speaks. In yonder corner are two Irish women, each with a little red-fleeted baby, in the universal Erin uniform of yellow; their little heads looking helpfully about in the humming cars, screaming lustily for the comfort they could know is close at hand, and which the public are notified they have a let fund, by a ludicrous combination of sentiment and—whisky. Democratic Beautiful as beautiful provision of Nature! which, if there were no other proof of a God, would be sufficient.

There is a surly old fellow, who went have the whole settee for himself, and who growls when a quietly entreats it, with her smelling-salts to her nose. Yonder is an old Quaker, dozing, with a sweet little bare-eyed girl, who, with unlooked faith in human nature, has crept from her mother's side, and asked him for an audience, to say—"that once there was a kid, with two little toys and a dog, and you believe that one day he went out and his mother told him to sleep." &c. &c. No matter the dog's to him the "kind creature;" no wonder he laughs at her naive remarks; no wonder he has suggested the watch from his pocket "to hear what it says." Nor wonder that the child has early locks from the frank, white brow; no wonder by-and-by laughs and plays with her fingertips to that rosy little mouth; no wonder, when the distant city nears us, and the lisping "good-bye" is heard, that he little fair one sits very right and sound, that he sighs,—God and his child only know why! No wonder that the shortest life, though but a span, hath yet its mission. The truest heart ever laid its weary head on the sod, till it had delivered its Maker's message—healed not him, perhaps—but cooling he laughs at her naive remarks; no wonder he has suggested the watch from his pocket "to hear what it says." Nor wonder that the child has early locks from the frank, white brow; no wonder by-and-by laughs and plays with her fingertips to that rosy little mouth; no wonder, when the distant city nears us, and the lisping "good-bye" is heard, that he little fair one sits very right and sound, that he sighs,—God and his child only know why! No wonder that the shortest life, though but a span, hath yet its mission. The truest heart ever laid its weary head on the sod, till it had delivered its Maker's message—healed not him, perhaps—but cooling and refreshing the lips of the dying.

Yes, it is funny, as well as edifying, to watch hotel arrivals; to see how the fashionable and wealthy travelers drag into the eating-room—take their allotted seats—evasively regard those commoners who are unfortunate enough to be their neighbors, by rank of precedence, to get their hungry mouths filled a great opinion of the "lower classes" they only know how. Heaven help the landlord! Beefsteak, buckwheats, waffles, mutton-chops and tea and coffee—at one fell swoop. Waiters, who, it is to be hoped, have not been kept breakfastless since early daylight, rush to and fro. Bells are pulled now, their appetites appeased, that reprobate waiter's rushed off to the kitchen, that Mr. and Mrs. Pitzmocks, and Miss Seraphine Pitzmocks opposite, who are unfortunately defined by their appearance, are shocked beyond the power of expression. Then, as they take their seats at their tips with their table-napkins, and contemplate Mrs. Pitzmocks' showy breakfast-robe, to bethink them of their own humble appearance, in their travelling dress—they were not in infinitely better taste, and as the party sat down for good digestion, and to hear—as if a man was not a man "for a' that" and "a' that," and—let there could be relegated without pretension as if the genuine hospitality was not ostentatious pretension.

"Summer Evens" at the Quaker capital are so partly proud, is no misnomer. He must be cynical, indeed, benighted and ill to be unappreciative. He would grumble at the steep ascent by means of which the lovely a panorama is enjoyed. At every step, some new beauty develops itself to the worshipper of nature. In the grey old rocks, festooned with the graceful vine, in the wooded hill-top, the sidereally dragging statues for eyes—I confess it, many profane things. The grand old Schuylkill, flowing calmly below, with its emerald-fringed banks noting the homes of wealth and luxury; the Schuylkill, of legend and song—now, in its industrious artisan, who, reprieved from his day's toil, loves to commune with nature in her loneliness, and inhaling the breeze, of which, God be thanked, the city has no monopoly.

Of course I visited Philadelphia "State-House;" of course I talked with the nice old gentleman who guards the sacredness of the room where, with my "fit blood at fever heat—upon the big Congress, the men who were to declare American Independence; of course I stared at the piece of furniture from which the news of our freedom dence was first announced; and of course I wondered how it was possible for it, under such circumstances, to contain room for only a quarter of the venerable, high-backed leather chair, in which the signers did so gallantly sit. Of course I many little men of this have repented. Of course I visited Independence Hall, the room over which formerly was part of "Christ Church," and to which Franklin and Washington had worshipped. Of course I looked into the room where the old gentleman's request, in the mammoth book for visitors to write their names, was complied with, and the State House to see "the view;" which, with the exception of the city, is not worth the trouble to point the stranger on my ankles, or the confused state of my cranium, consequent upon repeated climbs of dizzy stairs. Of course I visited the many old and exciting ways.

Of course, Mrs. ——, (actually, I saw the Miss), and wondered, as I looked at the shining bugs, that any of those dear boy's children should ever go to sea; also, I wondered if the workmen who fingered them, did not grow, by familiarity, indifferent to their value—and to their possession. I was told that not the minutest particle of the bugs, however, ever disappeared, and that all was scrupulously honest detection. I was glad, as I always am, in a filing establishment, to see some one employed in various offices—such as stamping the cash, &c.; and more glad still, to learn that they had respectable wages. However spent the sum when a thousand other doors of virtuous labor shall be opened to them, and silence forever the heart-rending "Song of the Shirt."

FANNY FERN.

DO NOT BE EXTRAVAGANT.—The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in danger of living in a little time much beneath them.

COMPLAINTS AND PETITIONS.

BY ALICE CARY.

There is a good deal of sighing now-a-days, among women, for a "career." We want some wider sphere of action—some better way opened up whereby we may live out our convictions—some speedier relief for our wasting affections. We are useless to the world—say, burdens to it, and all the while, full of pent up hopes and aspirations that it drowns out of sight. What shall we do? Can you not give us some advice?

Such is the substance of the complaint and petition that reach me every day, from persons I have never met in the body, and perhaps never shall meet.

Of course, under the circumstances, I am wholly incompetent to lend advice or assistance, as the wise view is the most difficult of all tasks, even when perfectly conversant with the abilities and circumstances surrounding the person advised, how much more so, then, when we speak generally, and with only that common interest which attaches itself to all suffering humanity.

But I cannot doubt, indeed, whether the nature that does not understand its own capacities and requirements can be helped very effectually. When we come to ask, "What shall I do?" it is pretty generally not over with us—the ability is, at the tends down into knowing what to do. The peculiar circumstances of your sufferings, my good friends, much to each one of you, appear like revelation. The treatment required by a sprain in the ankle, or a broken arm, never very well by surgeons of brain, though either condition might be described as out of common suffering.

Verily, I do not genuinely believe in the miseries that expand all over life, and make it one prolonged fit of agony—human nature is better, and exaggerate the little life to which it is subjected—but I do believe that we sometimes make ourselves unnecessary ostentation.

I do not think household lights goes over-much to be comforted—drape ourselves in black—shut up our doors and windows, and make for ourselves a kind of mental hawker affliction that never needs for us. We like our eyes that our neighbors may look into them, and our hearts that they may talk to us. These affectations extend to the most common-place annoyances, and scarcely a household in the country but has its bed-ridden, for whom in the evening, without declaring in the morning anything to be sick a wink all night. A cold we have a headache it is sure to be an awful headache, and we have a little cold, if we make our bread away, and we are sure it will end in consumption! But do the sunshine—the flowers and the fruits —friendship and humanity, and all the other excellent provisions of Providence, grievous wrong, by not living, by using our faculties for them, and pretending they are not.

Now, the business of this life, and, therefore, must be disappointed. We are looking far off to some wonderfully good thing, and so overlook the good that is within our reach. We are like the fool, look for there, we will find moments of happiness scattered all along the way, which, perhaps, we must not refuse these moments because they are not the best we have ever had, or ever expect to have. Many a moment of supreme enjoyment and we must learn to accept the healthiness of life, not as happiness, but as the ground of it. Health is that which we are climbing through the experiences of life to attain—consecrated ideals. If we only do what we would be, (and who is't we must not be?) we shall find that life out of heaven that is in us by every and jealousy of those who are above us, just the just and more nobly to our ideal, by the just and more nobly.

True, life has its crushing calamities—its blasting disappointments, under which human effort and powerless; but outside of these we have more to fear from ourselves than from any one else. We are willing to admit, and I believe we could often be willing to look our enmity to the free ourselves have builded, when we talk eloquently of the mysterious dealings of Providence. After all, the real mysteries of life are common and free to us all—for who so poor that cannot have a friend, and who so rich as he who has only one?

We are too negligent of "the small sweet courtesies of life" to make friends, and then sit down and complain that nobody loves us.

In WILLIAM WIRT'S letter to his daughter occurs the following, which I will extract for the benefit of those who have made themselves friendless. He says: "Be kind, my love, to your self-love, and make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you are kind to them. The world is like a looking-glass; if you frown, nobody will care for nobody—or, not be—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will come on as if you give them the same look. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them that you do. I have happily calls 'the small sweet courtesies of life,' in which there is no parade; whose voice is so still, to ease and gentleness, that it never jars the ear, and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—which always give the preference in every thing to others—at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, riding, working.

These may seem like small things, but try them, my friends, and see what good to yourselves will grow out of them.

A FEW BLUNDERS CORRECTED.

Washington was made President on account of his virtues. Napoleon died in exile, and so may Tom Scott. Lincoln was some half-a-dozen battles; Jackson steer the same number. Grant was born in a log cabin. Among the average of Presidents, as a President, we have had to this country, since the commencement of the Republic, about as much malice as Julius Cæsar. Chief Magistrates—that is one hundred and twenty battles—Caligula and Pepper.

We must take the liberty of setting our Caligula-Pepper right. He was not a Chief Magistrate. The Florida Indians; thirty eight during the last war with Great Britain, and thirty-two during the war with Mexico; making, in all, one hundred and six battles—not one hundred and twenty. Caligula-Pepper, this at six battles to a President, would give us twenty-seven Chief Magistrates and five battles to spare. Washington was more than six battles a President, and was not made President on account of his virtues, which were less brilliant than those gained by other commanders. It was his known and tried business qualifications and honesty, which made him the favorite of the nation. Jackson also fought more than six battles, and so did "Old Zach." In fact, our Caligula-Pepper contemporary has committed about as many blunders as could easily be got into so short a paragraph.

FALSE WIT.—False wit, like false money, only passes current with those who have no standard of comparison.

RESOLUTIONS.—Resolutions are like earthquakes; if they overturn much that is faulty, they destroy also much that is good.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR THE LEDGER.

BY ORO, D. FOOTPUT.

A little political editor complains that his paper has been stolen from the house of a subscriber. If the paper was not so deficient in taste as in honesty, he perhaps, on discovering what he had got, felt a good deal like the policeman who, finding his overcoat in possession of a purse he had stolen, exclaimed, in wrath, "Hang the thief, he has ransacked my coat!"

A YANKEE made a bet with a Dutchman, that he could swallow a live eel. What should we do? Let the Yankee, taking his leg in his mouth, slipped it down his throat, and then, turning to the Dutchman, "Why, you old fool, "said the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow a live eel?"

THERE are occasional showers of meteoric stones, which sometimes strike them are sent off from the moon. When we see and hear the multitudes of dogs in some of our country villages, we are tempted to wish that some fine day a meteor from the dog-star.

A MAN in Iowa had the nose bitten off the other day in an affray begun by himself. Of course he is no longer at being boastful in getting up the warrior. And Grand Jury this may examine his case and fine will have to report.—*No. 343 Round.*

A DISHONEST and malignant critic, by severing passages from their context, can make the best sense of Scripture itself. A book, thus critically treated, may be made to say that "there is no God," and the basest book may be made to say that "there is no God."

KNAVES sometimes outwit themselves by their cunning. It is very easy for that, that is, when they begin to cheat by drawing from a straight line. Then, as they cannot go straight back, as with the rogue's deviation are very apt to confound him.

"I HAVE seen a great workman work out his problem on the inside of a watch by copious shillings," says a writer. "I have seen a boy, whose business it was to blow the bellows, work out the inside of a chimney for sixpence."

A PORTRAIT painter advertises in New York, that he can paint from "water law." If that is the case, many of people should be careful not to employ him, for the portrait may turn out a regular libel.

"DID you not tell me that this morning was hard as the bottom?" cried a passenger to a ferry boat man. The having went into it up to his knees. "Oh, yes; but you are not to go by the bottom yet."

AN eloquent advocate of temperance writes that "the man who drinks to drown his sorrows is a fool." We have that some five of the persistent champions of that cause have been drowned in the last month.

AN Illinois editor, speaking of one of the writers on his paper, says he "can't be a natural fool." Unfortunately, he can be a natural knave.

A COUNTRY editor says that we may question his veracity, but that we know that he is honest. We should never think of questioning such veracity as his, for it is beyond question.

A LADY has just sent us a basket of fruit, the finest we have seen this year, and a bouquet of rare figs. We thank her, and would gratify prefer smoking cigars.

"AND so you have married a Mr. Penny," said Mrs. Partington to a young lady friend. "Yes, Ma'am," she replied. "All," said he, "you have done better than I expected."

THERE is nothing so domestic economy, in giving directions for keeping eggs fresh, says, "lay them with the small ends down." We have found it a good plan to lay them in for the low or the house-tob.

A LITTLE boy, who had been boasts through the papers that his men "would rally as the sapping of the drum," was one day seen to run away at the sound of the tapping of a keg.

"WELL, George," asked a friend of a young boy, "how do you like your profession?" "Alas, sir, my professors do not like my profession at all."

THERE will always be this important difference between the wise man and the fool—namely, that while one exists every man, every man will exist in the other.

UNQUESTIONABLY deafness is generally a calamity, but in the case of a newspaper subscriber, it is decidedly a blessing.

WHEN we hear men boast of their own talents, we incline to think that their talents should be reckoned as the last thing in connection with their names.

EXTRAVAGANT ladies are considered by some persons the best customers for a dressmaker.

IF would be a good thing if all such controversies could be settled in the same way.

IT is said that long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something worth the understanding.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THERE men and a dog, crossing Red River in a canoe, got upset and were all drowned but the man who were holding out the canoe, which they had capsized. The dog swam to the canoe, and climbed into it, and then helped his master in. The man, exhausted by the struggle, had been unable to climb into the canoe, but the dog, though tied to himself, enabled the man to escape.

A LADY in Rockford, Ill., recently was lately awakened from sleep by an acute pain in her forehead, and on lighting up discovered a large wasp making a hole over her right eye. A light was at once started, and the wasp driven off, but not before it had stung the lady and fears are entertained that it will prove fatal.

A CHANGE of husbands recently married in Detroit, whose ages together amounted to one hundred and seventy-five years, got tired of the monotony of life, and a bright idea occurred to them. They went to the justice of the peace, and the latter, after tying the knot as tightly as he could, sent them on their way rejoicing.

A FEW days ago a man was found dead in a manufactory in Harrisburg, Pa., supplied with a terrible cash. The man was working in the upper story of the building, and, sitting down on the roof of a house, passed entirely through the stories to the ground floor.

AT the last term of the District Court in Woodbury County, Iowa, a man was convicted of killing a neighbor a cow thief, and the jury gave the plaintiff $2,000 damages. The case will be carried to the Supreme Court of last resort in Texas.

THE body of Mr. Edward Gill, of Chesterfield, Va., were all poisoned recently by their household cheese, which had been made of the milk of a cow that had eaten of the root of the poisonous plant known as the cowbane.

A LITTLE boy, four and a half years old, a son of Mr. Dowling, of Jefferson, Iowa, fell into a well, on a few days since, and was drowned. Open cisterns should be protected by law.

A WORK named Campbell, living in First Avenue, Chicago, fell from the roof of his house, and the shock sent off her clock. One sistern should be protected by law.

THE Emperor Eugenie has discharged her favorite cook, Masson, who has gone to England to the secret of her Majesty's incomparable omelette.

THE tallest planet on the globe has been determined. It is the trunk of country between the first and second branches of the Yuba River, California.

AS Mrs. Ellen Harrison, of McConnellville, Ohio, was sitting in her room with a child in her arms one day since, she was struck with lightning and instantly killed.

A RACE among Hudson River, on Lake county Indians, were lately processed by racing with parasols, which they mistook for race-horses.

THERE men who were recently riding in a buggy from Bear River to Harrisville, Pa., were overtaken by a violent storm, and killed by a stroke of lightning.

PROFESSOR Henry, the distinguished scholar, says that he was once shooting the scientific name of the Colorado, who is an infidel.

"NEW YORK BOARDING HOUSES" is the title of a handsome volume just issued by the Appletons. It is one of the most entertaining books we have read a long time. The author, Mr. Thomas Butler Gunn, who is one of our most skilful artists, has embellished the work with numerous graphic illustrations, which add much to the interest.

A DIRGE.

BY GEO. H. PRENTICE.

'Twas her fourth birth-day, and the morning rose
Bright as a stream of Eden, but she lay
Within her straw-white shroud in cold repose,
A form of beautiful unbreathing clay!
Dew-drying flowers lay beside her in their bloom
And one unopened bud was in her hand,
An emblem of her doom, on her dear tomb,
For she will blossom in the better land.

She came, and passed to her bright home above
Ere yet one cloud had darkened life's young springs,
Her hope had fallen in her heart, or love
Within her soul had shed its wrinkled wings;
She was all truth, and love, and sweetness,
And it is well such pure, sweet ones should climb
Upon the earth there is blossom less,
But oh, there is an added star on high.

Though we be censured sadness on earth may,
'Tis sin to mourn when sinless beings die,
To grieve when earth's frail home takes away
In the immortal beauty of the sky;
To murmur when the young and lovely wake
From this dark sleep and all to mortal dream,
And go where angels are to be their mate
Their angel pinions of the blest streams.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GIRL-CAPTAIN.

"Let them be sea-captains, if they will!"

MARGARET FULLER OR WARAN'S Dream.

Susan commenced and related just as much of the particulars of the shipwreck as had reached her through the public press, and through the conversation of those persons with whom she had been thrown in company. One important fact, however, she reserved for a separate recital—that fact was the discovery and burial of the drowned body of Winslow L'Orient.

Lady Montrevor listened, with her head bowed upon her hand, with her long, black ringlets falling red-like around her beautiful pale face, and with her dark eyes bent sorrowfully to the ground. But that consuming grief had long ago dried up the fountain of her tears, they must have fallen thick and fast over the sad recital. As it was, her lovely eyes were tearless, and her deep melodious voice calm, as she commenced on what she heard.

It was indeed a fearful tragedy; but life is full of tragedies that the eyes of the world see not, or the mind of the world ignores—heart-tragedies! soul-tragedies! scenes in which not ships and cargoes, but hopes and aspirations are engulfed forever!"

"But Lord Montrevor, dear lady! surely his heroism—"

"Was a portion of himself, and does not in the least surprise me, my girl!"

"Will your ladyship favor me with your last lover's heroism?" inquired Susan of herself, as she watched the collected, melancholy face of her mistress.

"Do not confine yourself to this room with me, my girl. Get your bonnet and take a walk—only be discreet, keep to the back streets, and the shady side, and do not raise your veil. Do you hear?" said the lady, coordinate of her attendant's welfare.

"Thank you, dear Madam, but I have no desire to do so. Besides, I have not told you all."

"I think you have, my girl! You have told your *to the subject, my Susan,*" said the lady, wearily.

"But mistress, dear, this event that I have to tell you about, so vitally concerns yourself!"

The lady mournfully, incredulously shook her head.

"Let me tell you, madam; indeed I have it upon my conscience to tell you! I should have told you before but I was afraid to divulge it suddenly, lest I should do you an injury; and every time I approached the subject gradually, you repelled me and repelled me. Oh! it was as if a drowning girl had waived off—and who can blame him!—a drowning girl had waived off—the strong arm that would save her. And besides there are names that I could never endure to hear uttered in your presence."

"Susan! memory is a task; and I—seek forgetfulness—as I have never possible, great Heaven!"

"Mistress, may I speak?"

"Go on!"

"Monsieur Victoire L'Orient—"

"Hear?" said Lady Montrevor, starting and then sinking back in the corner of her chair, collapsed, crushed, shuddering, as if the name had been a musket shot sent through her bosom.

"In no name," pointed Susan, following up the shrinking form of her mistress, "in no name shall I to her ear—" in no more, do you hear, lady? it is dead, drowned, buried in the sea!"

Lady Montrevor lifted a pale, wild, incredulous face to the speaker.

"You are drowned, buried in the sea," repeated the girl, emphatically.

Lady Montrevor changed neither attitude nor expression, but remained gazing almost fiercely upon the speaker.

"In a word, Madam, he was lost on the Mercury?"

"Why, so he was on the 'Duke of Argon!'" said the lady, in a strange, ironical tone.

"Lost, but time, lady, he was drowned."

"So he was before. He does not mind it, Susan; it should not affect him in the least!" said Isabelle, incredulously.

"Madam, drowning certainly disagreed with him this time."

"I think it will be found that he is well and hearty, Susan."

"Oh! I see you don't believe it. But there is a full account of the whole affair in the Baltimore American."

"Why, no there was of the other affair in the London Times—a reliable paper, Susan; yet you know the result."

"Oh, my lady, but it is true now, beyond all doubt, that the wretched man is dead. People don't get over attacks more than a second time! is sure to be fatal—It was so in his case. His body was picked up by the Queen Charlotte. Lord Montrevor and Mr. Lovering, the man whom Lord Montrevor saved, swore to the identity, which was also further proved, if further proof had been necessary, by the papers found on his person, and by the marks on his clothes. His identity was proved and recorded, and he received Christian burial, in the presence of the whole ship's crew. Lord Montrevor and Mr. Lovering, among the others, saw his body committed to the deep."

While Susan spoke this earnestly—solemnly—the ironical, insane incredulity of the listener was lost in conviction and awe. The face of the beautiful Estelle underwent a great and fearful change. She, as pale before, grew still paler, grew livid, while a blue circle darkened around her eyes; she seemed on the verge of swooning, but rallied her powers, and clinging to the arm of her chair for support, inquired in a husky, almost spasmodic voice—

"*Is she true?*"

"True as Gospel, dear lady! your mortal foe is dead."

Then may the Lord have mercy on his soul!—for he greatly needed mercy," said Lady Montrevor, solemnly.

There was a pause of some half hour, during which Lady Montrevor covered her face, and remained in deep thought and prayer, and then the lady spoke—

"Susan, you may take the walk I advised, and while you are out go down to the Ocean House, and see Miss Brande, and let her know that I have fully decided on making the tour of the Headland, and that if she will have the documents drawn up by day, I will immediately conclude the business."

Susan looked disappointed and distressed, and still not move to obey.

"Did you hear my order, Susan?"

"Yes, Madam, I heard! pardon me; but, dear-est lady, dearest mistress, will not what I have just told you affect your resolution?"

"In what respect?"

"In respect of your retiring from the world to that lonely sea-coast."

"Why should it?"

"Dearest lady, pardon me; pardon one who loves you more than her own life, for speaking upon this subject; but remember now that you are further free from all possibility of annoyance from that haunting case; remember now that happiness is within your grasp."

"Susan, forbear."

"Mistress, hear me! have mercy on yourself.

LORD MONTREVOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE PETREL.

Myself and maid will take up but little room in that large house; therefore, when you return from your voyage, come there as bereaved—your two devoted servants will still be there to serve you; come with your brothers and make it your home at last there."

"Madam, you are very good. Your most generous offer has taken me by surprise; and well as I should like to accept it, I am not sure that it would be right for us to yield to your extraordinary kindness," said Malvern, with emotion.

"I do beseech you, my dear girl, not to hesitate, not to entertain the least scruple upon this subject. I repeat, that your return to the Headland will be a personal satisfaction."

"Again I thank you from the depths of my heart, lady; but I cannot accept my own account at once to take advantage of your kind offer. It would seem too selfish and grasping, on my part."

"Take time, then, my dear girl; but remember this the while, that at all times the sight of your sail near the Headland, or your face within its doors, can bring nothing but pleasure to its owner."

"I thank you earnestly, dear lady; and I promise you that whenever I return from a voyage, whether I spend much time with you or not, my sail shall be seen off the Headland, and my face within your doors," said Malvern, gratefully, and once more she made a move to go.

"Stay yet a moment. I wish to depart immediately for that house."

"Before it is repaired, Madam?"

"Yes—before it is repaired. If it were barely habitable for you and your brothers, it is also habitable for me; and I can superintend the repairs on the spot. I suppose workmen can be found in the neighborhood?"

"There is no neighborhood, dear lady; but workmen can be had from the village of Bartville."

"Very well—that will answer my purpose. Now tell me, Miss Brande, do you know of any vessel about to sail that could take me there?"

"The Sea Mew will sail to-morrow, with the first tide, for Havana. They have accommodations for passengers, but no passengers, I think. She is a good ship. If you were ready to sail in her, Captain Brewster could put you down at the Island."

"I will go if I can get a berth. Miss Brande, could you do me the great favor of letting your brother accompany whether I can get one?"

"I have not the least doubt that you can secure a berth; but I will assure myself as to the fact when Captain Brewster and Mr. Lovering sup at the Ocean House; and I will send Willie to let you know."

"I thank you very much."

"There is one thing I should tell you—two things, indeed; first, it is necessary that you should take a supply of provisions down with you, as there is no provender on the island, except fish, at Bartville—secondly, that if you go at all, you should go on board to-night."

"I thank you for your careful instructions, Miss Brande, and shall endeavor to act upon them."

"I will now take leave of you, lady, as no time should be lost in seeking Captain Brewster and securing a berth, if possible."

"Good-bye for the present. If I go, I shall see you again this evening. If I do not shall see you frequently during our stay."

"And if it should be so, remember that you should not obtain a passage in the Sea Mew, Madam, the Petrel will sail in a week, and I should be very glad to have you and your brothers as my comfortable shelter in my cabin."

"I thank you, Miss Brande; and indeed but for the great haste I am in, I should much prefer to take the Petrel, as I should much enjoy the Headland on your way down the bay."

"In any case, yes, Madam, I shall be obliged to do so."

Then if I am there in advance of you, I shall look for your arrival."

"I thank you, Madam—now indeed I must hasten away. Good day, Madam."

"Good day, Miss Brande."

And the young Susan's attendance, Barbara and her brother retired.

"Now, Susan, we must have all things in readiness for our trip to the Island. I am able to obtain a passage on the Sea Mew. Pack up my clothes and yours, and have them ready to send down to those out-door matters."

"Yes, Madam," the afternoon was so well spent in preparation, that when at sunset Willfid Brande presented himself with the information that the Petrel would not sail before the next day, but the Sea Mew, coupled with a request that they would come on board that night, as the vessel was to sail with the first tide in the morning, he lent them in readiness for human flight.

Willfid Brande, by his sister's directions, offered his services to assist, called a carriage, helped the ladies into it, and after seeing them safe off, returned behind to load and bring the day with their baggage.

Barbara met her new friend on the wharf, and accompanied her aboard the Sea Mew.

They found the skipper, a bluff, hearty, gallant old sailor, waiting on the deck. He received his guests with the courtesy of a gentleman, and handed her down into a comfortable cabin. And Barbara left them with the hope that they would be installed, took leave of them with the promise to visit the Headland's shores ere long—and left.

In another hour Willfid Brande arrived with the drey containing the luggage, which was conveyed aboard the Sea Mew.

And the next morning, at sunrise, the Sea Mew having on board her fellow passengers, sailed and sailed for Havana.

The wind was fresh and fair, the weather fine, the water scenery grand, the whole circumstances animating, so holding out the prospect of a quick and pleasant voyage.

The lady and her attendant were accommodated with a state-room and a private cabin; their gentleman-read, through the care of Barbara, been installed in the cabin, the berths covered with white counterpanes, and the window hung with a white muslin curtain. The cabin, through the courtesy of Captain Brewster, was given up almost exclusively to the use of his passengers.

But the latter preferred the most of her time, both by day and by night, in sitting by the window of the cabin, looking out upon the heaving sea.

It was on the ninth day of their passage down the bay, and just at sunset, that Captain Brewster came into the cabin and informed the lady that they were approaching the Island of Bermuda.

Estelle put on her bonnet and mantle, and followed by Susan, went up on deck, and looked out for her future home.

And there, a mile to the right before them loomed the dark and dreary Headland, crowned with its ancient trees and half-ruined house.

Their baggage was already in the boat that was waiting to take them to the shore.

The captain assisted the lady and her maid to descend, and followed them into it, the oarsmen piled their oars, and in twenty minutes they reached the shore.

Myself and maid will take up but little room in that large house; therefore, when you return from your voyage, come there as bereaved—your two devoted servants will still be there to serve you; come with your brothers and make it your home at last there."

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And there, a mile to the right before them loomed the dark and dreary Headland, crowned with its ancient trees and half-ruined house.

Their baggage was already in the boat that was waiting to take them to the shore.

The captain assisted the lady and her maid to descend, and followed them into it, the oarsmen piled their oars, and in twenty minutes they reached the shore.

The captain handed his passengers to the beach, ordered the baggage taken out and finally came up to the lady, expressed his regret at her departure, bade her adieu, and overturned his boat which was rowed rapidly back to the ship.

And, finally, and her maid, were left standing alone in the twilight on the beach.

CHAPTER XVI.

PURSUIT.

Oh! there lost
And ever gentle lady—when the full tide
Rolls darkness earth and Heaven—there thou too art
I know you—but of your own service what I say,
I think thou would'st resist.—SHAKE.

The next evening Lord Montrosor sat alone in his private apartment in the City Hotel. He looked pale and worn. A small loaf passed since the arrival in Baltimore, and notwithstanding his utmost endeavors, he had discovered no clue to his lost bride. He had come to the conclusion that she had left the city, and this evening he had formed the resolution, to leave next morning for New York.

While thus he sat in moody silence, negotiating the evening paper that lay upon the table beside him, the door opened and Griffley, his lordship's valet, presented himself.

Griffley was a grave, respectable looking, middle-aged man, rather bald-headed and short, clothed in black, and having quite the air of a high church clergyman.

"Well, Griffley?" said his master.

"Well, my lord! I have most important information for your lordship," said the valet, with solemnness, pomposity.

"Speak! what is it? Anything in regard to your lady?" exclaimed Lord Montrosor, rising anxiously.

"Yes my lord! If ever I saw Lady Montrosor in my life, I saw her ladyship come out of a house and enter a carriage to-night."

"At what hour? Where? Speak, man, in the name of Heaven!"

"From somber ten ——— street."

"You are sure?"

"As the carriage drove off and the people who had opened the house door for her ladyship, went in and shut it, I ran up the steps and took the number."

"And then?"

"I ran down again as fast as I could and went after the carriage at the height of my speed. But though I called as fast, the coachman and footmen driven very rapidly, distanced me, and rolled out of my sight."

"In what direction?"

"Toward the wharfs, my lord."

"At what hour was this?"

"About half past eight, your lordship."

"You are sure the house from which she went was ———"

"Number ten ——— street, my lord, assuredly."

"Go call a cab."

The valet bowed and at once withdrew to obey.

Lord Montrosor exchanged his dressing gown for a three-bodied coat, took his hat and gloves and in three minutes—by the time that Mr. Griffley had got his head into the door to announce the cab, —he was ready to go.

He took out his watch.

"It is now half past nine—a late hour to make a call—but under present circumstances, I cannot afford to be fastidious. I shall ascertain if she lives in that house, and if so, call upon her. I thought his lordship as he took his seat in the carriage.

"Where shall I go, sir?" asked the caleman.

"Number ten ——— street," said Lord Montrosor.

A driver of half an hour brought them to the house. Lord Montrosor alighted and looked at his watch: it was now eleven o'clock. He looked at the house every window was dark and silent, every room silent, every inmate apparently asleep. He was very much disappointed. He had hoped to have found at the house some of those minions earlier, and find some fortunate clause, such as an evening call, an absent inmate, or anything, speedily among the thousand and one daily events, that would keep his lordship a thing up at night, might have accorded this evening.

He was, as I said, very much disappointed.

He could almost have found it in his heart to call up the household to put to them the questions upon which he felt as if his fate depended. But this he knew, however desirable, was totally inadmissible, as it had be known the vital importance of these passing previous hours, he would have roused the family.

As it was, he said to himself—that he was weakly and unduly impatient—that a few hours could make no difference—that the morning was now altogether the more proper time for making his meditated call and inquiry—and notwithstanding, he reentered the cab, and gave the order—

"Back to the hotel."

At the hour the next morning, Lord Montrosor entered a hack, and drove to the house in question. He found waiting for the hackman's ring to be answered, he sighted and went up the steps, and touched the portico just as a man-servant opened the door.

"Is Lady Montrosor in?" was the diplomatic question of his lordship.

"Lady Montrosor does not live here, sir," answered the negro.

"Can you tell me where she does live?"

"I cannot, sir."

"Stop!" ——— [Lord Montrosor glanced up at the name on the door-plate,]—" Mrs. Brownlee here?"

"Yes, sir," —and, and take a seat, sir; what name shall I take up, sir?"

"Say a gentleman."

"Yes, sir."

The man disappeared, leaving Lord Montrosor seated in the drawing-room, and presently, in the mirrors of the house entered. She was a tall, stout, middle-aged woman, elaborately attired in gray.

"Mrs. Brownlee, I infer?" said Lord Montrosor, rising, and eating a chair for the lady.

"Yes, sir."

"Lord Montrosor, Madam," said his lordship, announcing himself.

"Ah!——name your seat, my lord. You sent for me?"

"Yes, Madam. I called, if you please, to make enquiry of a lady who left your house in a carriage, last evening, at half-past eight."

"Oh! you mean Mrs. Balsall."

"Mrs. Balsall!" exclaimed Lord Montrosor to himself—then aloud—"Yes, Madam; I speak of Mrs. Balsall."

"Oh! she left us, as you said, yesterday evening."

"I should be very grateful to be informed whither she went, Madam?"

"Oh! I don't know! I haven't the least idea in the world. I think she left the city, however."

"Perhaps some member of your family may be better informed."

"Oh, no! I know they are not; because I had some curiosity to know where the lady went, and I made inquiries; no one could satisfy me—all that they knew was the direction that the small gave the hackman, and that the boy who had charge of the baggage afterwards gave the driver—"

"And that was ——?"

"Light street wharf, sir."

"And that is all the intelligence you can give me?"

"All, sir; I am sorry it is so meagre—you are interested in the lady?"

"Yes, Madam. I thank you very sincerely for the information you have given me. Good morning, Madam," said his lordship, not living disposed to be questioned in turn, and rising to take leave.

"To Light street wharf," was the next order given to the hackman, as he re-entered the carriage.

And to Light street wharf he was driven.

On arriving at the spot, he alighted, and walked about among watermen, porters, sailors, laborers, and all the miscellaneous crowd of the docks, and addressing no old gentleman, he inquired about vessels left that wharf since eight the preceding evening.

"The only ship at the left the port at all, captain, is the brig Mew, Captain Brown, just arrived from the wharf at sunrise this morning, bound for Havanna," replied an intended sailor.

"Had she passengers?"

"Two, I believe, sir, captain!"

Leaving Mr. Griffley to mingle among the sailors at the wharf, and find out whether the Sea Mew had carried passengers, and whether those passengers were females, Lord Montrosor once more reentered his carriage and drove back to the hotel to await the result.

It was late in the afternoon when Griffley presented himself before his master.

"Well, Griffley?" said his lordship, anxiously.

"Well, my lord, I have ascertained all that is to make, answering to the description of Lady Montrosor and her attendant, at nine o'clock last evening embarked on board the Sea Mew, bound for the West Indies."

"Ah! then I have her again; but is it certain that the lady was bound for the West Indies?"

"My lord, I actually talked with the mate, falling into a very natural mistake."

"Was the information you obtained to be relied upon?"

"Without doubt, my lord, since it was from the hackman that took her ladyship from ——street to the ship, and from the drayman who conveyed her baggage, and from the boy who had charge of the porter who assisted in its transportation to the vessel—all of whom I found absolutely confirmed, my lord."

"You have done your duty well, and I thank you, Griffley. Did you, by the way, happen to hear of any other vessel soon to sail for the West Indies?"

"No, my lord."

"Find me the evening paper."

Griffley gave his master the "News."

Lord Montrosor turned to the Marine Intelligence and ran his eye down the list, then muttering—

"For Liverpool, no.—For Havre, no.—For New Orleans, no.—For Havana, no.—For Jamaica, we have it! For Havana, the Petrel, Brande master, to sail on the 22nd of October. This is the twenty-fifth of September, Griffley, we sail for Havana in a week—to-night."

"Yes, my lord."

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTAIN BARBARA'S FIRST VOYAGE.

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
The white wings flying—never from the foe!
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the storm could he the scene
To move the monarch of her bounding deep?—BYRON.

Early the next morning Lord Montrosor went down to the wharf to inquire for the Petrel.

The brig, a fine, handsome, light clipper, standing a cable's length down the river, was pointed out to him.

He called a boat, got into it, and directed to be rowed to the brig.

On arriving alongside the vessel Lord Montrosor found himself in the midst of a busy scene. Many other boats, chiefly laden, were around the clipper, the crew of which, seeming to consist of four negroes, were employed in taking in cargo.

Lord Montrosor directed his boat to be pulled under the starboard quarter. The captain was also on board, where, besides the four black sailors, who were engaged in hauling up heavy bales from the boats on the larboard side, there were also two boys of about ten and twelve standing on the deck.

"Can you direct me to the Captain?" said Lord Montrosor.

The darkies suspended their labors for an instant to look at each other and grin.

"The Captain, my good fellows—the Captain—where is he?" again asked Lord Montrosor, thinking they had not understood his first question.

"He gone ashore, sir, to get his dinner," said Sam! I reckon he'll be'nd for Point No-point,' said one of the men, pausing in his labors, and resting their ropes and left off work, to gaze, grin, or gossip as opportunity might offer.

His lordship Lord Montrosor had time to reiterate his question he was startled by a clear, ringing, but feminine voice behind him—

"Alloy there! What are you about men! look alive! look alive! look alive! a hand! bear a hand! so——!"

The men laid themselves with a good will to their ropes, and the heavy bale was soon seen swinging between the boats before and the starboard shrouds.

Lord Montrosor turned to ascertain whence the cheery voice came; and he saw, standing upon the deck, with a small speaking-trumpet in her hand, a tall, handsome young woman, whose finely-developed form, broadly-expanded chest, her resolute countenance, shining black hair, and flashing black eyes, her dress and loose sailor gray serge could not disguise her singular beauty.

"So——Thatch it! Haul hearty! cheerly boys——cheerly!——" called the same clear, ringing voice, at the men hoisted in the freight.

Then the lowered the little speaking-trumpet, and advanced to receive Lord Montrosor, who was going forward.

"Some sister, or daughter, or perhaps wife of the skipper, doing duty in his absence. Some shore-going sentimentalist—a very pleasant position, upon my word!" thought Lord Montrosor as he paused before the young lady—"Miss Brandie, I suppose?"

"How do you do, sir? Have you any business with me?" asked Barbara. The tone was frank, short, decided, almost abrupt.

"I have business with the skipper, if you will be so kind as to direct me where to find him, young lady."

"Ah! you wish to see Brandie, Master?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Here he is then," said Barbara, laying her hand proudly and fondly on the head of the elder boy, who stood at her side.

Lord Montrosor looked surprised and perplexed.

"Excuse me, Madam, did I understand you to say——"

"That this lad is Brandie—Master? Yes, sir! The vessel belongs to him and his brother, and sailed under his name. But said brother being young and acquires a competent knowledge of navigation and seamanship, I, his sister, am Acting Master. I am the responsible person here, sir, if you have business with the ship. (Jabey, there! Belay! man the long boat and go on shore to bring off those bales.) Now I am ready to listen to you, sir."

"Excuse me, Madam! but expecting to find Captain Brandie on board with, I came on board hoping to be able to secure a passage to the West Indies in the vessel under his——"

"Who are you, sir?" The question was frank, direct, and abrupt like all her talk.

"Pardon me, I should have anticipated your question. I am the Viscount Montrosor."

"And how many are there about you, sir?"

"Two—a valet and a groom."

"Well, sir, I know of no reason why you should not find a berth here. We are prepared to accommodate a limited number of passengers. (Look to the fore tackle, Mew. Casting lively, sir.) Captain Brandie is absent on business, and will not be back from this wharf at sunrise this morning, bound for Havanna," replied the amiable sailor.

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Then she

SHE WAS A FORLORN LITTLE MAIDEN.

BY GEORGIANA SEEBERT.

She was a fatherless little maiden,
With never a mother or home;
And late from the cruel she had made her,
Commanded her hourly to roam.

Ah, me! how her childish heart ached,
And, oh! how her eyelids were flowed;
But take away that sorrow she couldn't,
And sternly it pressed her cruel.

She wander had did than dispersed.
For all who had loved her were there;
And she was a motherless maiden
Who cared for them never a hair.

Oh! desolate, friendless, forsaken,
And shelterless, helpless, forlorn,
She felt, as she moved among strangers,
Still wandering why she was born.

At last to her cause a whisper,
That almost all the joy of her breast,
Who knoweth the heart of the stranger
Had given her comfort and rest.

Now warmth more than human comfort her,
A feeling that mother's love shares;
A better than earthly home "waits her,
Away, then, with anguish and tears!

What though all bleak hills billows are foaming,
High raging around and below?
The storm and the cold winds but drive her
More near to the Peaceable Home.

YEARS OF TERROR;

OR,

ANNA ALSTON'S LOVER.

BY MARY C. VANDINE.

"School will commence Monday, mother. I hope you've got the children ready for it."

"Of course I have. I believe I generally do what belongs to me. If every single woman in many hours as I do, their work wouldn't get much left behind," answered Mrs. Anastasia Morre, pushing back the supper table, placing two chairs in the open space against the wall, and then commencing to flourish her broom in the corner.

"Ha, ha, Stacy! you don't mean me, I suppose," said Jake Morre, with a laugh that wrinkled his round, good-humored, weather-crimsoned face, all over, until it looked like a bright red apple.

"I wonder if you'd like to have me lay aside my pipe and tinkering and fish planting that coins bed. Is that it, mother, eh?"

"If the cost the pot is on," answered Mrs. Anastasia, tartly, while a strange, grim smile upon her mouth betrayed her inclination to smile.

John Morre laid down his newspaper, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the pillar of the kitchen stove-pipe. Then he took down the almanac that hung under the looking-glass, beside the scarlet pincushion and jagonned comb-case.

"Twelfth day of April, I declare," said he. "I might have known it, though, by the bustle. Public and school begins Monday the 13th. 'Tis high time them animals were planted. If the seed is left in the ground to-night, the Lord will be making it grow all day to-morrow, while we're at meeting."

"I thought it might as well be done to-night, as I had Johnnie rake the bed and make the drills this morning. Here's the seed."

"Well done, Stacy, so you're 'bustle' to my work as well as your own? I always knew the Foolicks were main smart folks."

"I only wish some of my children had taken after them."

"So they have, mother, they have. They're merry as the Foolicks, and as industrious as Foolicks. I'm proud of my children, Stacy, and proud of my wife, too?"

"Fetch, John Morre?"

"I am, and I've reason to be. There, give me a kiss, mother, and own that we're about as happy, and as well off as most folks in Plainville."

"Go along, you old goose! Don't make me ashamed of yourself, right before the children, too? There, I think you'd better go out to the stable now, if you've made a fool of yourself long enough."

"Yes, yes. I'm going, I'm going. Where's the seed? Here, Johnnie, you may go with me. Oh, I'd like to have forgot, mother, what I was going to tell you. Mrs. Goldsby's got one of your old-fashioned hats, and she can't have the schoolma'am next week to board. She's coming here."

"Well, there! I never, John Morre! If you shut enough to provoke a saint," exclaimed Mrs. Morre, setting down the pile of milk-pans she was conveying to the battery, and standing still to look at her husband, while the color flushed all over her face. "And you've known this ever since yesterday-day and never told me?"

"Why I didn't suppose it would make any difference, Stacy. We always have company to eat, and we're plenty of rooms for the little girl to sleep in. Why can't she come?"

"I haven't, and she couldn't come, and I guess I could lodge a dozen people for that matter; but I do think I might have been told about it. I should have made good cake instead of gingerbread, and baked some mustard pies besides. Oh, I'll assure, and we must have some chickens downed to-night, and early Monday morning you must go over to the village and order fresh meat. I'll see about coffee in the house, and may be she wont like that."

"Mother, mother, if that is all that will be much trouble to prepare for Miss Alston. I knew it would not be, after all. There. So saying John Morre went out and into his garden.

Mrs. Morre looked after him and shook her head.

"What a plague men are!" she said, at first, as she closed and shut her head thoughtfully work as there was still more to be done, because of her husband's ingorance; but as she went on she cheerfully laugh from the garden, and the merry shouts of little Johnnie, her only son, her heart softened and the frown was smoothed from her comely brow.

"He is a good man, after all, if he is a little slow at his work; and it would take an undebted feeling of thankfulness and content. It was as if for the first time in her long anxious life, for Mrs. Morre was a very Martha in her household, she had caught a glimpse of her own happiness, had learned a little of her husband's worth, and felt the joy that centred in the group of lovely children for whom, henceforth, her toil was to be a love instead of a duty.

Mrs. Morre was an extraordinary bustle in the farm-house that night, and much unexpected labor performed, the frown did not come back, nor was a sharp word uttered; and though Mrs. Morre sought her couch that night with a wearied frame, her heart was light and warm with an undefined feeling of thankfulness and content. It was as if for the first time in her busy anxious life, for Mrs. Morre was a very Martha in her household, she had caught a glimpse of her own happiness, had learned a little of her husband's worth, and felt the joy that centred in the group of lovely children for whom, henceforth, her toil was to be a love instead of a duty.

The Sabbath, the long, quiet, country Sabbath, passed as usual. When the red sun sank at last behind the bank of grey and purple clouds that rested upon the western horizon, Sabbath quietude was at an end, because in the farm-house there were many necessary labors to be performed, and the children, weary of the day's restraint, would steal out into the soft spring twilight, and were heard laughing and chattering in a merry group beneath the ancient elm-tree that overlooked the farm-gate.

But their voices were hushed, and the little ones shyly stole behind their elder sister, as a light wagon was driven up to the gate, and a young man, leaping out, with a courtesy of manly politeness, assisted his companion to alight.

A slight, female figure in grey flowing robes, with her face closely veiled, she stood in their midst. The children were sure that their teacher had come, and a little fluttering sound, as of a soft, still a sweet voice said, while a light hand was laid on Minnie Morre's head:

"Are you Mrs. Moore's little daughter? Please, then, show me into the house, for I am Miss Alston, and I have come to stay with you a week or two."

All Minnie's fears vanished, and putting her hand into that of her teacher, she child led her to the door, where Mrs. Morre already stood with welcome beaming on her face. The handsome tumbling trunk and basket were brought in, her wraps removed and arranged in little fluttering haste, and Miss Alston, the bustle replaced on the kitchen fire, and the table drawn out for the supper which good Mrs. Moore came in. As he went up to speak to the teacher in his hearty voice, and to clasp her little fingers in his welcoming hand, Mrs. Morre came in with a light, and the children caught the first glimpse of the face they had been hearing so much of.

It was a young face, with softly-rounded lines but startlingly pallid and wan. An expression of exquisite sadness had settled about the mouth, and when the long brown lashes drooped and the cheek were raised for a moment, they disclosed eyes of unusual beauty, whose fascination was deep and haggard in the extreme.

There was a startling intensity in the quick glances she threw about her, and which expressed in an almost equal degree fear and curiosity, but not art or repression. Mrs. Moore, good woman though she was, was wont to be sadly prejudiced. Every time she looked at Miss Alston's face, every time her throes was something suspicious in it; but the next moment the unmerited sadness of her lot and her shrinking repose, aroused her sympathy. But, as before, she was too much occupied with the meal to leave much time for thought, until it was time to conduct her guest to her chamber. Then she noted the anxiety with which she watched the fastenings of the door and windows, and the situation of the other rooms and passages, and the helpless, terrified manner in which she clung to Minnie's hand, when the latter proposed to be followed them into the room, and begged that she might be allowed to remain with her teacher.

"I guess you've never been away from home before, Miss Alston," said Mrs. Moore. "Why, there's nothing on earth to be afraid of here in Plainville, spot, and we never think of fastening our door's or windows. If you're tired, you'd best go to bed, and leave much time for thought, until it was time to conduct her guest to her chamber. Then she noted the anxiety with which she watched the fastenings of the door and windows, and the situation of the other rooms and passages, and the helpless, terrified manner in which she clung to Minnie's hand, when the latter proposed to be followed them into the room, and begged that she might be allowed to remain with her teacher.

"I guess you've never been away from home before, Miss Alston," said Mrs. Moore. "Why, there's nothing on earth to be afraid of here in Plainville

THE STOLEN KISS.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL.

Across each cheek, in rosetints spread,
White scattered a sigh of garden-bread,
But after me as quickly as she could,
Trying to get me, all the garden round,
Over or under hedges making many round.
Then I, who knew that I had done no wrong,
Stood me amazed, she kept me such a while.
For I would come where hanging lime-grew,
And, like a bird, would run away with me,
By pressing her sweet lips against my own.
So closed embraced, she kept running on,
And as twice the pluck of water threw;
Then I—but mind, we were just about—
Soon found the place whereon the kisses grew.

THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"There, sir—now you see him in all his glory. There he is, as usual. Just look at him. Take a good look, so as not to lose the effect. Half an hour ago I left him in that garden, and told him I wanted the weeds pulled out of that bed as soon as possible. Only half pulled out, and look at him now!"

This was spoken by Mr. John Howe, a stout farmer, who owned one of the most valuable tracts of land in the neighborhood. He was addressing Squire Warren, who was a worthy lawyer of the place; and he spoke of a boy who stood in a distant garden leaning up against a pear-tree. The latter fellow did not realize that any one was gazing at him, and he seemed to be taking an easy comfortably.

William Albertson—such was the boy's name—had been left an orphan at an early age. His father, who had once been an intelligent, active man, had become an inebriate, and when his son was but little only a year old. He left nothing for his widow to live upon, and she found a home in the almshouse where she lived two years, and then died. Then, at the age of three years, William was left on an open plan, and as inmate of the village almshouse, without any known relatives, and without friends save such as common humanity might prompt. When he was twelve years old, Mr. Howe agreed to take him and bring him up. He got a good deal of work out of him and he made up his mind that if the boy proved to be faithful and industrious, he would adopt him as his own.

But the farmer had been disappointed. William proved to be a kind and generous boy, but he was by no means industrious. He would not work. He would never accomplish anything unless he was driven. He seemed to take the very sight of work, and would neglect it upon every possible opportunity.

Gilbert Warren, Esq., was one of the overseers of the poor, and he had called to see the farmer, and also to see the boy, inasmuch as he was the one which had been reader.

"It's no use," said Mr. Howe. "He's been with me two years, and I've had a chance to read him thoroughly. There's no work in him. I'd as let have a block of wood for a boy. Sometimes I—"

"Then you don't wish to keep him any longer?" said the lawyer.

"I can't, Squire. It's no use. I tell ye. He stan a bit of good to any one. He won't do don't even his salt. But that aint the worst. The worst of the whole is, he keeps me in a perfect fever all the time. Why—I've fairly had my head sore just seeing how lazy he was—just in worrying over him. Why, I wouldn't keep him for five hundred dollars a year. Taint the loss I care so much about—but it's as if I fell ye—I can't make suffer to see him."

"Have you tried to correct him?"

"*Tried!*" echoed Howe, with an elevation of the brow, and an accompanying "Umph!" "I guess you think so if you'd seen the scenes as certain occasions. I used to flog him; but I found that did no good, and I stopped it. For a year I never did flog him but I suffered more'n he did. He is so good natured and so honest; and then he would try so, and would so reform, that it would break my heart to whip him. Lately I've argued with him; I've pointed out to him what a miserable, good-for-nothing life he'll lead if he did not pluck up and learn to work. As long as I had any hope I never did there being work in him I bore with him, and tried to overcome his faults; but I've found now that it aint in him, and I must give it up."

"Let's see: He's fourteen now, isn't he?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Howe, "he is."

For fifteen minutes the two men stood and looked at the boy, and during all that time he didn't work two minutes. He was called up, and he came with a tremulous step and downcast eye.

"William," spoke the lawyer, "why don't you work better? When you are left with work to do why don't you do it?"

"I don't know, sir," the boy answered, timidly, "unless I know". You see, I never did like to work me: Why is it?"

He looked up into his interlocutor's face. He had a clear, warm, gray eye, and a face of more than ordinary beauty. He knew was high and full, and his temples were prominent. Mr. Warren was deeply moved by his appearance, and a new set of feelings took possession of his mind.

"Can't you answer me?" the lawyer added, as the boy gazed up into his face, without speaking.

"I—I don't want to be a farmer, sir," the little fellow finally answered.

"That's all I need, Howe, indignantly. "He don't want to do anything that's got work to it. He'll grow all day, if you'll let him, and he'll sleep all night over a hoe. I tell ye, he's got to be made to work."

The boy trembled and shrank back.

But Mr. Warren was beginning to see a new light breaking upon the subject before him. The long term of service in various courts had rendered him capable of reading character very readily, and he was very plainly that William Albertson had an immense force of character somewhere, and he believed it could be brought out.

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"I wasn't doing anything, only thinking, sir."

"And what were you thinking about?"

"I—I don't know as I could tell, sir."

"But you can tell me some of it. Tell me as nearly as you can."

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"Making a speech!" repeated the farmer, sarcastically. "That's what he's always doing. Making a speech! A fine speech you'd make!"

At this point the boy began to cry, and Mr. Warren turned to the farmer, and bade him send the lad to his office on the following morning.

When William knew that Mr. Howe was going to send him away, he felt very unhappy, for he supposed he should be sent back to the poor-house. But he finally consoled himself with the reflection that he could run away. Yet, he was sorry to leave his master and family. He had been treated very kindly, considering the circumstances: and he knew that Mr. Howe would like to keep him and make a good man of him. But when he came to think of the work he must do, he had not the courage to try it. He knew he could not work. He had no will for it. It was a double labor to him, for it was a severe task to make up his mind to work.

Little Anna Howe cried all night long, and in the morning she threw her arms around William's neck, and hugged him to stay. She was just of his own age, and a loving, gentle, pretty girl. But her father came, and called her in a little loud, and sent her away.

That was the hardest struggle for the boy. He had not thought of Anna at first. He had forgotten that he would be a stranger to all to whom he had been kind. However, it could not be helped, and he blessed her, and said *Let* he would come and see her when he was a man.

At the appointed time William Albertson made his appearance at the lawyer's office, with his bundle on his back. He sat down, and Mr. Warren began to converse with him. He asked him about his work at the place he had left, and about his health. The lad said the work was hard, but he did not know that it was harder than it would be on any farm.

"Must I go back to the poor-house?" he finally asked, in a trembling voice.

"Well—I don't know;" returned the lawyer, eyeing him thoughtfully. "How would you like to live in my office, and help me?"

The boy started up from his seat, and clasped his hands eagerly together. But in a moment more he sank back, murmuring as he did so—

"Can you write?" you mean, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see you write a few words."

William went to the table at which the lawyer was sitting, and taking a pen, wrote with a short sentence. Mr. Warren took the paper, and was surprised at the neatness, and clearness of the hand. And then the words written were as worthy of note as the chirography. The boy had set down as follows: *I will endeavor to do my best for which he was set asked.*

"If I take you into my office I shall intend to let you do just that work which you can do best," said the lawyer, after he had examined the piece of paper, and what was on it. "Of course you will have to keep up your studies earlier, and help me some at the house; but you will write for me—and if you wish to become a lawyer I will offer you every facility in my power. You shall have every help I can give."

The boy gazed Mr. Warren's hand, and burst into tears. However, the business was soon settled.

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Mr. Howe was growing old, and trouble had come upon him. He was now a widower, and all his daughters were married off save the youngest —Anna. She was now three-and-twenty, and though reputed offers had been made for her hand, she had remained a maiden. She said she would not leave her father. He would be all alone if she were gone, and she could not forsake him. She was a lovely young woman, and many an anxious, waiting swain was watching for the old man to die.

But trouble had come upon John Howe. A large part of his land had been sold off for bullding lots, and quite a village sprung up around him. The land which remained—nearly a hundred acres —was by far the most valuable portion, and the most convenient for sale. All that he had received for land already sold he had laid out in beautifying and arranging what was left; and by this means greatly increased the value. But a more suburban residences were turned towards his lots. His place could have been sold for a large fortune. He was offered a hundred and ten thousand dollars for it, just as it was, after he had cleared off the rocks, and laid out upon it all he could afford with his friends, and they advised him to keep it. He had had good luck in one way who would put up handsome dwellings, and keep a home for himself. But a thunderbolt came crashing upon the old farmer's head. A man came and claimed the whole place as his own. He brought forward his deeds, and on a former survey laid claim to a farmer of his (the claimant's) father. Mr. Howe sought a lawyer in his village, who was a candid, honest old man, and laid the case before him. Upon searching into the matter it appeared that the place had been actually sold, as stated, and that the claimant's father had given away what he could not give. It also appeared that the man of whom Howe had bought, twenty-five years before, had been a minor at the time of the sale, and had merely owned it left it, at his death, in care of a friend, to be given to the rightful owner when he proved a guardian of said son. This son was at length found, and proved to be the man who now appeared to have died. Under these circumstances the uncle and guardian sold the estate in his own name, and the purchaser was deceived. Howe supposed the title was good, and took no precautions to look into them in better condition. The man of whom he bought had lived upon the place many years, and he supposed, of course, that he was the owner.

Then all this appeared at the present time. The old gentleman could not speak—he was choked up—over fifty, somehow—and his name was Benjamin Gaylord. Mr. Howe's lawyer took the case, examined his claim, and he could see no way of avoiding it. After the old attorney called upon the client to report progress.

"It's a hard case," he said. "I don't see how you can get out of the hard."

"Losing?" repeated Howe, vacantly. "Do you mean the whole? And I give up all?"

"Yes."

"*All, Mr. Linton?* Must all be snatched from me?"

"I don't see how you can help it," returned Linton. "I have examined into the business, and it is as I have observed the hardship is that you, and when he was twelve years old—forty years ago—his father died, and his property was sold, and a notice was dug that his father was dead, and that his uncle had been appointed guardian over him, and had sold the property. This paper was found after his son. It was only placed in his uncle's hands sold. He must have kept it to buy with, and his uncle could not sell it."

"Still Mr. Howe could not believe it. He had known the man of whom he bought, and he could not believe him a villain. He thought there must be some mistake, or some villainous deception. At all events, he resolved to seek other counsel. He consulted with a lawyer, but he concluded to see his client. He might know something about it.

So the very next morning the old man went into the city and hunted the lawyer up. Mr. Warren was glad to see him, and asked him to sit down. Howe did so, and then told his story. The lawyer listened very attentively, and seemed to be deeply interested. When he had done he concluded, and asked—

"When you bought the place did not Aaron Grumley assure you that he owned it, clear of all incumbrance?"

"He said it was his."

"Did he say how he came by it?"

"Yes—he said that he had it from his brother, who died some years before."

"Did he at that time make any mention of his nephew—the son of his dead brother?"

"Yes—he said something. He said Ben. Grumley was a minor at the time, and that his father's old partners had quite a sum of money for him if he should ever return. But I want you to take hold of this, sir, and help me out. If I lose the case I shall have nothing to pay you with, but if I gain it I can pay you handsomely."

"Well—I'll be frank with you," replied Warren. "I will undertake the case for the power to go into the subject, for I see very plainly that there has got to be a good deal of search and study. But I know a young lawyer who can clear your claim if any one can."

"Who is he?"

"It is Mr. Albertson."

"O—I've heard of him. He's the one who plucked the great corporation case?"

"Yes," said Warren. "He took up a poor man's case against one of the wealthiest corporations in the State—against the corporation, and against three of our smartest lawyers, and gained the case, too. He will take hold for you, I am sure; and if he does, you may feel very safe."

"O—I hope you can get him. Tell him if he can gain my case, I'll pay him anything."

Mr. Warren promised to send the young lawyer to the old gentleman as soon as the latter could be reached. If he could get Mr. Albertson to take hold he would feel secure, for such a man would not touch a case of his unless he did not feel quite confident. And yet Mr. Howe was very poor, and the lawyer of whom he had heard so much was one who lay, good-for-nothing almshouse boy. In fact, he had never dealt upon the name of Albertson before. He had always called him "Albertson Bill"—or perhaps "Poorhouse Bill"—or perhaps "Almshouse Bill"—but never by the name which he now heard.

Mr. Warren's opinion of William Albertson was not a little modified by the interview which he had had with the boy